

GLEANINGS



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GLEANINGS.

GLEANINGS.



A CHRISTMAS CARD
FOR 1898.

Brassey

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

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GLEANINGS.

AGREEABLENESS.

Discretion of speech is more than eloquence ; and to speak agreeably to him with whom we deal is more than to speak in good words. BACON.

Men whose perceptions are languid are often at a difficulty to guess why they are encompassed with enemies. . . . They are every day deservedly incurring resentments by withholding from those with whom they converse that regard, or appearance of regard, to which every one is entitled by the customs of the world.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

He only confers favours generously who appears, when they are once conferred, to remember them no more. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Butler was a man of prudence, and aware that real good can only be obtained by remonstrance when remonstrance is well timed.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The incomparable satisfaction of a society in which everything can be safely said, in which every member returns a true echo, in which a wise

AGREEABLENESS.

freedom, an ideal republic of sense, simplicity, knowledge, and thorough good-meaning abide,—doubles the value of life. EMERSON.

I think you will learn to be natural with me, as I find it impossible to be conventional with you. CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

Without a strong understanding, destitute of fancy and imagination, and with neither eloquence nor wit, Ellis was a remarkably agreeable man. He was hospitable, courteous, and cordial; he collected about him the most distinguished persons in every rank and condition of life. He had a constant flow of animal spirits, much miscellaneous information, an excellent memory, a great enjoyment of fun and humour, a refined taste and perfect good breeding. But his more solid merit was the thorough goodness of his heart, and the strong and durable nature of his friendships and early attachments. To the friends of his youth he was bound to the last moment of his life with unremitting kindness and never-cooling affection; no greater connexions or more ambitious interests cancelled those early ties, and though he was not unnaturally dazzled and flattered by the later intimacies he contracted, this never for a moment made him forgetful of or indifferent to his first and less distinguished friends. C. C. F. GREVILLE.

I doubt from all I see whether anybody had really a very warm affection for Lord Holland, and the reason probably is that he had none for anybody. He was a man with an inexhaustible good humour, and an ever-flowing nature, but not of strong feelings; and there are men whose society is always enjoyed, but who never inspire

AGREEABLENESS.

deep and strong attachment. I remember to have heard good observers say that Lady Holland had more feeling than Lord Holland—would regret with livelier grief the loss of a friend than this equable philosopher was capable of feeling. The truth is, social qualities—merely social and intellectual—are not those which inspire affection. A man may be steeped in faults and vices, nay in odious qualities, and yet be the object of passionate attachment, if he is only what the Italians term ‘*simpatico*.’

C. C. F. GREVILLE.

Fitzherbert is more likely to be remembered as Dr. Johnson’s famous example of the truth of the observation, that a man will please more upon the whole by negative qualities than by positive, because he was the most acceptable man in London, and yet overpowered nobody by the superiority of his talents, made no man think worse of himself by being his rival, seemed always to listen, did not oblige you to hear much from him, and did not oppose what you said.

JOHN MORLEY.

AMBITION.

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries ; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes : and thus far hear me,
Cromwell ;

And—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of—say, I taught
thee,

Say, Wolsey—that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of
honour—

Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.

Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition :
By that sin fell the angels ; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't ?
Love thyself last ; cherish those hearts that hate
thee ;

Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just and fear
not :

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's : then if thou fall'st, O
Cromwell,

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king ;
And,—prithee, lead me in :
There take the inventory of all I have,
To the last penny ; 'tis the king's : my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all

AMBITION.

I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell,
Cromwell !

Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, He would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

* * * * *

His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him :
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little.

SHAKESPEARE.

Sweet were the days when I was all unknown,
But when my name was lifted up, the storm
Broke on the mountain and I cared not for it.
Right well know I that Fame is half-disfame,
Yet needs must work my work.

LORD TENNYSON.

ARISTOCRACY.

Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
From yon blue heavens above us bent
The gardener Adam and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent.
Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.
LORD TENNYSON.

Now if ever is the time for preaching to the aristocracy about their higher duties and their better manners, about infusing their virtues into the masses by example and precept. Like the Brahmins, they should recognise themselves to be the schoolmasters of all who are connected with them. They should adopt professions and leaven them.

It is impossible to do away with the caste feeling, which is a principle of order in the world, but it may be mitigated :—

1. It should be given up altogether at fixed times, *e.g.*, festivities.
2. Differences of rank should never be spoken of or alluded to in good society.
3. The prejudices of rank should never be allowed to form opinion.
4. There should be an easy transition from one rank to another.

The only way in which a man can really rise in the world is by doing good in it.

B. JOWETT.

ARISTOCRACY.

An aristocracy which has definitively let the heart of the people slip from its hands is like a tree which is dead at its roots, and which the winds overturn the more easily, the higher it is.

CLIFFE LESLIE.

After all, aristocratic as we still are, no party can now afford to choose its men by any other criterion than personal profitableness. And a man nowadays is in the long run personally profitable, far more by what he is than by what he has—so far at least has 'progress' brought us.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

CHARITY.

Few are to be found of this benign disposition, that, while wantonness, vanity, avarice, and ambition are every day rioting and triumphing in the follies and weakness, the ruin and desolation of mankind, scarce one man in a thousand is capable of tasting the happiness of others. Nay, give me leave to wonder, that pride, which is constantly struggling, and often imposing on itself, to gain some little pre-eminence, should so seldom hint to us the only certain, as well as laudable way of setting ourselves above another man, and that is, by becoming his benefactor. FIELDING.

The Gospel brings out into its full proportions the perfect temper of mind, which the Law enjoined indeed, but was deficient both in enforcing and creating—Love, that is, Love or Charity, as described by St. Paul in his First Epistle to the Corinthians, which is not merely brotherly love (a virtue ever included in the notion of Zeal itself), but a general temper of gentleness, meekness, sympathy, tender consideration, open-heartedness towards all men, brother or stranger, who comes in our way. In this sense Zeal is of the Law, and Love of the Gospel; and Love perfects Zeal, purifying and regulating it.

J. H. NEWMAN.

Il ne faut pas prendre à la lettre les expressions figurées que Jésus emprunte à la littérature de son pays et de son temps; sa pensée est plus haute, elle demande à en être dégagée.

* * * * *

CHARITY.

Ami du faste, mollement, brillamment vêtu, faisant grande chère, sans pitié pour le pauvre couvert de plaies et mourant de faim à sa porte, moins compatissant que le chien que lèche les ulcères de misérable—le Sadducéen peut se reconnaître dans la parabole. Il apprendra où le mène son épicurisme sans entrailles. Il sera torturé, livré à l'inexorable justice de Dieu dans cette vie d'outretombe à laquelle il refuse de croire, mais que Jésus ouvre menaçante à ses yeux.

* * * * *

Jésus pourtant ne veut pas dire que le riche, par cela seul qu'il est riche, sera envoyé à la réprobation, et le pauvre, parce qu'il est pauvre, à la félicité du Père. Le riche est reprouvé pour avoir oublié la miséricorde dans son égoïsme voluptueux, le pauvre est sauvé pour avoir mis son espoir en Dieu, et justifié par sa vie son nom de Lazare.

DIDON.

It was a characteristic of Burke's willingness not only to supply money, but, what is a far rarer form of kindness, to take active trouble, that difficult and uncommon kind of generosity which moves independently of gratitude or ingratitude in the receiver.

JOHN MORLEY.

The great ends of charity are to make men happy in every period of their existence, and most in what most depends upon us.

JOHN MORLEY.

CONSISTENCY.

Who is the honest man?
He that doth still and strongly good pursue,
To God, his neighbour, and himself most true :
Whom neither force nor fawning can
Unpin or wrench from giving all their due.

Whose honesty is not
So loose or easy, that a ruffling wind
Can blow away, or glittering look it blind :
Who rides his sure and even trot,
While the world now rides by, now lags behind.

Who when great trials come,
Nor seeks nor shuns them ; but doth calmly stay,
Till he the thing and the example weigh :
All being brought into a sum,
What place or person calls for, he doth pay.

Who never melts or thaws
At close temptations. When the day is done,
His goodness sets not, but in the dark can run.
GEORGE HERBERT.

Nor number, nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant
mind. JOHN MILTON.

CONTEMPLATION.

And deem each hour to musing given
A step upon the road to heaven.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

In the *Ethics*, Aristotle dwells at length on the thesis, that the true happiness of a man is not to be sought in leisure and contemplation. But we have a difficulty in realising this meaning. For we naturally ask, how is leisure to be employed? and on what is contemplation to feed?

But if in the sphere of individual life, the idea of contemplative leisure is feeble and uncertain, much more shadowy is the meaning of the word when applied to the state. We can see that peace is to be preferred to war, . . . that into education an element of philosophy should enter; that sleep is sweet to weary mortals; that to the great, leisure was a necessity of the higher life. But we fail to perceive how the leisure of a state, the interest of a spectacle, the tranquillity of wealth, is better than some great struggle for freedom; or how the souls of those who fought at Thermopylæ and Salamis were more fortunate than their fathers. Aristotle himself seems to acknowledge that greater virtues of some kind would be required in the islands of the blest than in the ordinary life of man. The contemplative end that he imagines is not suited to the human character, and is utterly uninviting. To us there appears to be more truth in the sentiment, which has been repeated in many poems, that the search after knowledge is a greater blessing to man than the attainment of it.

B. JOWETT.

CONTEMPLATION.

I am glad there are thousands of good people in the world who have very decided opinions, and are fond of working hard to enforce them. I like to feel and think everything and do nothing, a pool of the 'deep contemplative' kind.

GEORGE ELIOT.

No forced calm is calm enough. Only honest calm—natural calm. . . . You can no more filter your mind into purity than you can compress it into calmness: you must keep it pure, if you would have it pure; and throw no stones at it, if you would have it quiet.

JOHN RUSKIN.

Nay, I think
Merely to bask and ripen is sometimes
The student's wiser business; the brain
That forages all climes to line its cells,
Ranging both worlds on lightest wings of wish,
Will not distil the juices it has sucked
To the sweet substance of pellucid thought,
Except for him who hath the secret learned
To mix his blood with sunshine, and to take
The winds into his pulses.

J. R. LOWELL.

Child of a mystic—solitary, intense, and deeply reflective.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

CONTENTMENT.

I am always content with that which happens ;
for I think that what God chooses is better than
what I choose. EPICTETUS.

Think not so much of what thou hast not as of
what thou hast ; but of the things which thou
hast select the best, and then reflect how eagerly
they would have been sought, if thou hadst them
not. At the same time, however, take care that
thou dost not through being so pleased with them
accustom thyself to overvalue them, so as to be
disturbed if ever thou shouldst not have them.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

SHAKESPEARE.

Consider that the universal providence of God
hath so ordered it, that the good things of nature
and fortune are divided. . . . If you desire this,
you must lose that, and unless you be content
with one, you lose the comfort of both. If you
covet learning, you must have leisure and a retired
life ; if to be a politician, you must go abroad and
get experience, and do all businesses, and keep all
company, and have no leisure at all. If you will
be rich, you must be frugal ; if you will be popular,
you must be bountiful ; if a philosopher, you must
despise riches.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

CONTENTMENT.

God hath appointed one remedy for all the evils that are in the world, and that is a contented spirit.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

Oh, cousin, let us be content, in work,
To do the thing we can, and not presume
To fret because it's little.

E. B. BROWNING.

Some murmur, when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue.
And some with thankful love are filled
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy gild
The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task,
And all good things denied.
And hearts in poorest huts admire
How love has in their aid
(Love that not ever seems to tire)
Such rich provision made.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

I discovered, plainly enough, that my lot was to stay at home and earn my bread in a very quiet way; that England was to be henceforth my prison or my palace as I should choose to make it; and I have made it, by Heaven's help, the latter.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

I feel very full of thankfulness for all the creatures I have got to love—all the beautiful and great things that are given me to know.

GEORGE ELIOT.

CONTENTMENT.

I sum up with the writer of the Book of Mac-cabees : 'If I have done well, and as befits the subject it is what I desire ; and if I have done ill, it is what I could attain unto.' GEORGE ELIOT.

Come, soul of all things ! make it mine
To feel amid the city's jar,
That there abides a peace of thine
Man did not make, and cannot mar.

The will to neither strive nor cry,
The power to feel with others give !
Calm, calm me more ! nor let me die
Before I have begun to live.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

I know not how it is with you—
I love the first and last,
The whole field of the present view,
The whole flow of the past.

One tittle of the things that are,
Nor you should change nor I—
One pebble in our path—one star
In all our heaven of sky.

Our lives, and every day and hour,
One symphony appear :
One road, one garden—every flower
And every bramble dear.

R. L. STEVENSON.

COUNTRY LIFE.

They take the rustic murmur of their bourg
For the great wave that echoes round the world ;
 And mingle with our folk ;
And knowing every honest face of theirs
As well as every shepherd knew his sheep,
And every homely secret in their hearts,
Delight myself with gossip and old wives,
And ills and aches, and teething, lyings-in,
And mirthful sayings, children of the place,
That have no meaning half a league away ;
Or lulling random squabbles when they rise,
Chafferings and chatterings at the market-cross,
Rejoice, small man, in this small world of mine,
Yea, even in their hens and in their eggs.

LORD TENNYSON.

It is pleasant to look down upon the same parish day after day, and say, I know all that lies beneath, and all beneath know me. If I want a friend, I know where to find him ; if I want work done, I know who will do it. It is pleasant and good to see the same trees year after year ; the same birds coming back in spring to the same shrubs ; the same banks covered with the same flowers, and broken (if they be stiff ones) by the same gaps. Pleasant and good it is to ride the same horse, to sit in the same chair, to wear the same old coat.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

‘The stately homes of England’ is a phrase full of poetry to our ears, and the life of the dwellers in such homes, as fancy presents it, is

COUNTRY LIFE.

the object of our envious admiration. Life in a home of beauty with family portraits and memories, fair gardens, and ancestral trees, with useful and important occupations such as offer themselves to the conscientious squire, yet without any of the dust and sweat of the vulgar working world, ought to be not only pleasant but poetic; and the 'Sumner Place' of Tennyson's *Talking Oak*, no doubt, has its charming counterpart in reality. But all depends on the voluntary performance of social duties, without which life in the loveliest and most historic of manor houses is merely sybaritism aggravated by contrast with the opportunities and surroundings; and unfortunately the voluntary performance of duty of any kind is not the thing to which human nature in any of us is most inclined. Not one man in a hundred, probably, will undergo real labour without the spur either of need or ambition. The country gentlemen of England are seldom dissolute, the healthiness of their sports in itself is an antidote to filthy sensuality; but many of them are sportsmen and nothing more.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

The healthy natural community is that of a small country town or village in which every one knows his neighbour, and where all the necessary ingredients for a happy, intelligent, and public-spirited municipal life exist in due proportion. Within a single square mile you will find ministers of religion, the lawyer, the doctor, the labourer, and the business man all within stone's throw of the blacksmith and the carpenter. Such a community constitutes a unit of which each human life forms a part where public opinion is powerful, and where the influence of the best members can be immediately brought to bear upon the worst. W. T. STEAD.

COUNTRY LIFE.

Clearly not a family of any very great pretensions—a race for the most part of frugal, upright country gentlemen—to be found, with scarcely an exception, on the side of political liberty and of Whiggish religion ; men who had given their sons to die at Quebec, and Plassey, and Trafalgar, for the making of England's Empire, who would have voted with Fox, but that the terrors of Burke, and a dogged sense that the country must be carried on, drove them into supporting Pitt ; who, at home, dispensed alternate justice and doles, and when their wives died put up inscriptions to them intended to bear witness at once to the Latinity of a Boyce's education, and the pious strength of his legitimate affections—a tedious race, perhaps, and pig-headed, tyrannical, too, here and there, but on the whole honourable English stuff which has made, and still in new forms sustains, the fabric of a great State.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

COURAGE.

Θαρσαλέος γὰρ ἀνὴρ ἐν πᾶσιν ἀμείνων ἔργουσιν τελέθει.
For a bold man is better in all affairs. HOMER.

Instead of rage
Deliberate valour breath'd, firm, and unmoved.
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat ;
Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage
With solemn touches troubled thoughts.

JOHN MILTON.

Und wenn ihr euch nur selbst vertraut,
Vertrauen euch die andern Seelen.

And only in yourself confide,
And others will confide in you.

GOETHE.

And may not even charity display as great energy and courage in saving life, as was ever put forth in its destruction? A famine fell upon nearly one-half of a great nation. The whole world hastened to contribute money and food. But a few courageous men left their homes in Middlesex and Surrey, and penetrated to the remotest glens and fogs of the west coast of that stricken island, to administer relief with their own hands. To say that they found themselves in the Valley of the Shadow of Death would be but an imperfect image—they were in the charnel-house of a nation. Never since the eleventh century did Pestilence, the gaunt handmaid of Famine, glean so rich a harvest. In the midst of a scene which no field of battle ever equalled in danger, in the number of slain, or the

COURAGE.

sufferings of the surviving, these brave men moved as calm and undismayed as though they had been in their own houses. The population sank so fast that the living could not bury the dead: half-interred bodies protruded from the gaping grave. Into the midst of these horrors did our heroes penetrate, dragging the dead from the hiring with their own hands, raising the head of famishing infancy, and pouring nourishment into parched lips, from which shot fever flames more deadly than a volley of musketry. Here was courage! No music strung the nerves, no smoke obscured the imminent danger; no thunder of artillery deadened the senses. It was cool self-possession and resolute will: calculated risk and heroic resignation. And who were these brave men? They were Quakers from Clapham and Kingston.

LORD MACAULAY.

To live by law,
Acting the law we live by without fear;
And because right is right, to follow right,
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.

LORD TENNYSON.

The bravest man (so we have heard Lord Nelson himself declare) feels an anxiety '*circa præcordia*' as he enters the battle; but he dreads disgrace yet more. In battle, like an actor in a great drama, he knew himself the master of an invisible concourse, whose homage he commanded, whose plaudits he craved, and whom, by the sight of deeds raised above the common ground of earth, he drew to sympathy with heroism and self-devotion. There, too, he rejoiced in the noblest exercise of power, in the sensation of energies and faculties roused to full exertion, contending with

COURAGE.

mighty obstacles, and acting amid surroundings worthy of their grandeur ; like Massena, of whom it was said that he only found his greatest self when the balls flew thick about him, and things began to look their worst. CAPTAIN MAHAN.

To understand courage one must have thoroughly studied cowardice in all its phases, and they are infinite. It is the most subtle of mental diseases, the existence of which may never be known to any but the man whose heart it gnaws at. When the day arrives on which all hearts shall be open, we shall, I am sure, be astonished to find that many of those who have passed muster in our ranks as brave men will plead in extenuation of sins committed the astounding fact that they were cowards by nature.

Hence arises the question as to which is more worthy of respect, the man who so conquers his ignoble spirit and in so doing serves the State effectively, or he who, born with all the instincts or natural virtues which go to make up the brave man, shines as the hero whenever heroism is needed.

In writing of courage, it is impossible to omit a reference to my friend and comrade, Charley Gordon. His courage was an instinct, fortified by faith in God and in a future life. This life had no intense pleasures for him, and he shrank from the applause of men. He did whatever came to his hand with all the loyalty of an English gentleman, and especially with the earnestness and zeal of a servant of Christ. The world was to him a sort of prison, beyond the precincts of which lay that New Jerusalem from which his waking thoughts, and very dreams even, never wandered.

It was not that Gordon was simply brave in

COURAGE.

action, but that danger had actually and positively for him nothing terrible about it. There is a curious page in his Khartoum diary where he discusses the question of whether he should, or should not, allow the Mahdi to take him alive. Death to him was really the open door to a new life, and whether he passed through it in action or under any other circumstance was all the same. Death to him was merely a release from all the paltriness of human life.

All nations possess their own distinctive forms of courage. The impetuous Frenchman who is capable of the utmost heroism as long as things go well with him, fights a losing game badly. The faithful and obedient but ignorant Russian soldier possesses a dogged determination of character that closely resembles the disposition of the rank and file in our own army. He endures fatigue and privation in a manner that shows he comes of a really courageous race. Amongst all the great armies of the world none is composed of a finer, or braver, fighting material than that of Turkey. The early life, the training, laws, manners, customs, and above all, the religion of the Turk, combine to make him the most formidable of soldiers. There is no other people on earth who can be so worked up by religious enthusiasm into a frenzy that nothing can resist. The Arab tribes we had to fight in the Soudan were peaceable men ten years ago, anxious to make money by hiring out their camels. The little Syrian servant one usually took on shooting expeditions into those regions, used to bully them as an inferior race, and did not even hesitate to strike them in his angry moods. The same Arab who then calmly submitted to ill-humour and bad treatment at the hands of some such wretched little Syrian cook, when maddened

COURAGE.

by the religious fervour and enthusiasm with which the Mahdi was able to inspire his followers, became a real demon in battle. His was then the courage which can only come from firm belief in another world, from the conviction that death is but the beginning of a new and happier existence.

Whilst prepared to recognise all that is grand and noble in the courage of other nations, I recur with intense satisfaction to the remembrance of our own soldiers, whose courage and endurance I have seen tried under desperate circumstances.

LORD WOLSELEY.

COURTESY.

Men exist for the sake of one another. Teach them, or bear with them. MARCUS AURELIUS.

‘He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.’
SHAKESPEARE.

Delivered altogether from envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, Lady Harrowby was ever inclined to extenuate the faults, to pardon the errors, and to put the best construction on the motives of others ; no mean jealousy ever entered her mind, no repining at the prosperity, however unmerited, of other people. She drew pleasure from the purest of all sources, from the contemplation of the success, the happiness, and the welfare of her friends and acquaintances. With an exquisite tact, without the slightest appearance of art, frank without severity, open without imprudence, always negligent of self and considerate of others, all her thoughts, impulses, and actions were regulated by the united influence of the highest principles, the clearest judgment, and the kindest feelings. Thus blessed in her own happy disposition, she was a blessing to all around her. She was the ornament and delight of society, the comfort, support, and joy of her own family.

C. C. F. GREVILLE.

Shall courtesy be done only to the rich and by the rich ? In Good-breeding, which differs if at all from High-breeding, only as it gracefully remembers the rights of others rather than grace-

COURTESY.

fully insists on its own rights, I discern no special connexion with wealth or birth, but rather that it lies in human nature itself, and is due from all men towards all men.

‘There’s but one temple in the world’ says Novalis, ‘and that temple is the Body of Man. Nothing is holier than this high Form. Bending before men is a reverence done to this revelation in the flesh. We touch Heaven when we lay our hands on the human body.’ THOMAS CARLYLE.

We are taught the heavenly character of condescension.

We are for ever wishing to obtain the friendship and the intimacy of those above us in the world.

If you look simply to the question of resemblance to God, then the man who makes it a habit to select that one in life to do good to, and that one in a room to speak with whom others pass by because there is nothing either of intellect or power or name to recommend him, but only humbleness, that man has stamped upon his heart, shows more of heavenly similitude by condescension, than the man who has made it his business to win this world’s great ones, even for the sake of truth.

F. W. ROBERTSON.

Ridicule ‘never conferred a single benefit, averted a single ill, dried a single tear, or imparted one single atom of real and permanent pleasure.’

GEORGE HIGINBOTHAM.

When I am strong, I will hate everything that has power, and help everything that is weak.

OLIVE SCHREINER.

COWARDICE.

Degeneres animos timor arguit.

VIRGIL.

Cowards die many times before their deaths ;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear :
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

SHAKESPEARE.

To be, or not to be, that is the question :—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune ;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them ?—To die—to sleep,—
No more ; and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die ;—to sleep ;—
To sleep ! perchance to dream ; ay, there's the rub,
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause ; there's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life :
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin ? who would fardels bear
To grunt and sweat under a weary life ;

COWARDICE.

But that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will ;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of ?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;
And thus a native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought ;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry.
And lose the name of action.

SHAKESPEARE.

DESPAIR.

Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n.

JOHN MILTON.

Whether you are a better or a worse man than you were twenty years ago. Are there not at least some temptations, to which you yielded then, to which you know you can never yield again? Are there not some meannesses which you once thought glorious, which now you know are mean? Are there no places where you once stumbled where now you know you can walk firm? I pity you if there are not.

I have no spiritual capacity, 'says one.' 'It is not in me to be a saint, another cries.' So the man talks about himself. Poor creature, does he think that he knows down to its very centre, this wonderful humanity of his? It all sounds so plausible and is so untrue. PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Christ saw all life in God. He saw sin with all the intensity of holiness. But nobody has ever dared to call Jesus Christ a pessimist. He saw the end from the beginning. Infinite Pity—a pity that has folded itself around the world's torn and bleeding heart, like a benediction ever since—but no curse. Oh, if you ever find yourself cursing life, get your New Testament and read what Jesus said, looking down on man from the measureless height of the Cross.

You think of the days when you have sinned most dreadfully. Are you willing to accept any man's judgment of those days who simply sees the sin? You know, though you dare not tell any one else besides, of how you fought with your temptation. PHILLIPS BROOKS.

DESPONDENCY.

This miry slough is such a place as cannot be mended. It is the descent whither the scum and filth that attend conviction of sin do continually run, and therefore it is called the Slough of Despond : for still, as the sinner is awakened about his lost condition, there arise in his soul many fears, and doubts, and discouraging apprehensions, which all of them get together, and settle in this place ; and this is the reason of the badness of this ground. It is not the pleasure of the King that this place should remain so bad. His labourers also have, by the directions of his Majesty's surveyors, been for above these sixteen hundred years employed about this patch of ground, if, perhaps, it might be mended ; yea, and to my knowledge, said he, here have been swallowed up at least twenty thousand cart-loads, yea, millions of wholesome instructions, that have at all seasons been brought from all places of the King's dominions (and they that can tell, say, that they are the best materials to make good ground of the place, if so be it might be mended) ; but it is the Slough of Despond still, and so will be when they have done what they can.

JOHN BUNYAN.

L'approche de l'ennemi ne rendit point les Moscovites plus sérieux : ils envisagèrent au contraire leur situation avec une légèreté croissante, ainsi qu'il arrive souvent à la veille d'une catastrophe. Il s'élève alors dans l'âme, en effet, deux voix également puissantes : l'une prêche sagement la nécessité de se rendre bien compte du danger

DESPONDENCY.

imminent et des moyens de le conjurer ; l'autre, plus sagement encore, trouve qu'il est trop pénible d'y songer, puisqu'il n'est pas donné à l'homme d'éviter l'inévitable, et qu'il est dès lors plus simple d'oublier le danger et de vivre gaiement jusqu'au moment où il arrive. Dans l'isolement, c'est la première des voix qu'on écoute, tandis que les masses obéissent à la seconde, et les Moscovites en offrirent un nouvel exemple, car jamais on ne s'était tant amusé à Moscou que cette année-là.

TOLSTOI.

DRESS.

Remember George Herbert's maxim, 'This coat with my discretion will be brave.' . . . I have heard with admiring submission the experience of the lady who declared that the sense of being perfectly well dressed gives a feeling of inward tranquillity which religion is powerless to bestow.

EMERSON.

DUTY.

‘Cease, my much respected Herr Von Voltaire,’ thus apostrophises the Professor; ‘shut thy sweet voice,’ for the task appointed thee seems finished. Sufficiently hast thou demonstrated this proposition, considerable or otherwise. That the Mythus of the Christian religion looks not in the eighteenth century what it did in the eighth, alas, were thy six-and-thirty quartos and folios, and flying sheets or reams, printed before and since on the same subject all needed to convince us of so little. But what next? Wilt thou help us to embody the Divine spirit of that religion in a new Mythus, in a new vehicle and vesture, that our souls, otherwise too like perishing, may live. What, thou hast no faculty in that kind? Only a torch for burning, no hammer for building? Take our thanks then, and thyself away.’

‘But indeed, conviction, were it ever so excellent, is worthless till it convert itself into conduct.

Most true is it, as a wise man teaches us, that ‘Doubt of any sort cannot be removed except by action.’ On which ground lay this precept, which to me was of invaluable service, ‘Do thy duty which lies nearest to thee. Which thou knowest to be a duty.’ The second duty will already have become clearer.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Two men I honour and no third. First the toil-worn craftsman, that with earth-made Implement laboriously conquers the Earth, and makes it man’s.

DUTY.

Venerable to me is the hard hand, crooked, coarse ; wherein notwithstanding lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the Sceptre of this Planet. Venerable too is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, besoiled with its rude intelligence ; for it is the face of a man living manlike. O, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity as well as love thee. Hardly-entreated Brother—For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed ; thou wert Conscript, on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert thou so marred. For in thee, too, lay a god-created Form, but it was not to be unfolded ; encrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of Labour ; and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet toil on, toil on ; thou art in thy duty, be out of it who may ; thou toilest for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread.

A second man I honour and still more highly ; Him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable ; not daily bread, but the Bread of Life : is not he too in his duty ? endeavouring towards inward Harmony ; revealing this by act and word through all his outward endeavours, be they high or low ? Highest of all, when his inward and outward endeavour are one ; when we can name him ‘Artist ;’ not earthly ‘Craftsman’ only, but inspired Thinker, who with Heaven-made Implement conquers Heaven for us. If the poor and humble toil that we may have food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return, that we have Light, have Guidance, Freedom, Immortality ? These two in all their degrees, I honour ; all else is chaff and dust, which lets ‘the wind blow whither it listeth.’

THOMAS CARLYLE.

DUTY.

An untiring sense of duty, an active consciousness of the perpetual presence of Him Who is the author and its law, and a lofty aim beyond the grave—these are the best and most efficient parts, in every sense, of that apparatus wherewith we should amend, when with full purpose of heart we address ourselves to the lifelong work of self-improvement.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

Science is made for few men ; but duty is the mistress of all men : they cannot be men without it.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

Man is a moral being, capable of doing right and wrong, and there is no man who does not do wrong. It would seem as if some of the best men felt as if they oftenest did wrong, the reason being that their standard of duty is so high that they admit as shortcomings of duty things that many other men would not think about.

SIR G. STOKES.

J'ai raconté comment je reçus mon éducation dans un petit collège d'excellents prêtres, qui m'apprirent le latin à l'ancienne manière (c'était la bonne), c'est-à-dire avec des livres élémentaires détestables, sans méthode, presque sans grammaire, comme l'ont appris au xv^e et au xvi^e siècles, Érasme et les humanistes qui depuis l'antiquité, l'ont le mieux su. . . . Ils pratiquaient la première règle de l'éducation, qui est de ne pas trop faciliter des exercices dont le but est la difficulté vaincue.

* * * * *

La base de ces anciennes éducations était une sévère moralité, tenue pour inséparable de la pratique religieuse.

* * * * *

DUTY

Mes maîtres m'enseignèrent, d'ailleurs, quelque chose qui valait infiniment mieux que la critique ou la sagacité philosophique : ils m'apprirent l'amour de la vérité, le respect de la raison, le sérieux de la vie. Voilà la seule chose en moi qui n'ait jamais varié. Je sortis de leurs mains avec un sentiment moral tellement prêt à toutes les épreuves, que la légèreté parisienne put ensuite patiner ce bijou sans l'altérer. . . . Ce bon et sain programme de l'existence, que mes professeurs m'inculquèrent, je n'y ai jamais renoncé. Je ne crois plus que le christianisme soit le résumé surnaturel de ce que l'homme doit savoir ; mais je persiste à croire que l'existence est la chose du monde la plus frivole, si on ne la conçoit comme un grand et continuel devoir. Vieux et chers maîtres, maintenant presque tous morts, dont l'image m'apparaît souvent dans mes rêves, non comme un reproche, mais comme un doux souvenir, je ne vous ai pas été aussi infidèle que vous croyez. . . . La vie n'a de prix que par le dévouement à la vérité et au bien. . . . Je vous remercie d'avoir imprimé en moi comme une seconde nature ce principe, funeste à la réussite mondaine, mais fécond pour le bonheur, que le but d'une vie noble doit être une poursuite idéale et désintéressée.

ERNEST RENAN.

How is the force of moral life developed and strengthened? Is it not by successive efforts to act and to suffer at the call of duty.

H. P. LIDDON.

My Lords, this is not the occasion for, nor am I the proper person to deliver, an encomium on the Prince whom we have lost. When a whole nation has lifted up its voice in lamentation, the feeble

DUTY.

note of praise which may fall from any individual tongue must necessarily be lost in the expression of the general sorrow ; but, my Lords, superfluous as any artificial panegyric has now become, right and fitting is it that the public grief which first found vent in the visible shudder which shook every congregation assembled in this metropolis when his well-known name was omitted from the accustomed prayer—which, gathering volume and intensity as reflection gave us the measure of our loss, swept towards the Throne in one vast wave of passionate sympathy, and it is ever still reiterated from every distant shore that owns allegiance to the British Crown—right and fitting is it that such a manifestation of a nation's sorrow as this, should find its final embodiment and crowning consummation in a solemn expression of their feelings by both Houses of the British Legislature. Never before, my Lords, has the heart of England been so greatly stirred, and never yet has such signal homage been more spontaneously rendered to unpretending intrinsic worth. Monarchs, heroes, patriots have perished from among us, and have been attended to the grave by the respect and veneration of a grateful people. But here was one who was neither king, warrior, nor legislator occupying a position in its very nature incompatible with all personal pre-eminence, alike debarred the achievement of military renown and political distinction, secluded within the precincts of what might easily have become a negative existence—neither able to confer those favours which purchase popularity, nor possessing in any peculiar degree the trick of manner which seduces it—who, nevertheless, succeeded in winning for himself an amount of consideration and confidence such as the most distinguished or the most

DUTY.

successful of mankind have seldom attained. By what combination of qualities, a stranger and an alien—exercising no definite political functions—ever verging on the peril of a false position—his daily life exposed to ceaseless observation—shut out from the encouragement afforded by the sympathy of intimate friendship, the support of partisans, the good fellowship of society—how such a one acquired so remarkable a hold on the affection of a jealous insular people might well excite the astonishment of any one acquainted with the temper and the peculiarities of the British Nation. Yet, my Lords, after all how simple and obvious is the secret of the dominion he acquired ! If, my Lords, the death of Prince Albert has turned England into a land of mourning, if each one of us is conscious of having lost that calm feeling of satisfaction and security which has gradually been interwoven with the existence of the nation from the day he first took his stand beside the Throne ; if it seems as though the sun of our prosperity were darkened, and a pillar of our state had fallen ; it is because in him we have lost that which has never failed to acquire the unlimited confidence and enthusiastic veneration of England—a man who, in every contingency of life, in the presence of bewildering temptations, in the midst of luxury and splendour, in good report and in evil report, in despite of the allurements of vanity, of selfishness and ambition, trod day by day, and hour by hour, patiently, humbly, faithfully, the uninviting path of duty.

LORD DUFFERIN.

ENVY.

Envy not greatness : for thou makest thereby
Thyself the worse, and so the distance greater.

GEORGE HERBERT.

Ce sont des douceurs plus exquisés que des
louanges éclairées.

MOLIÈRE.

L'extrême esprit est accusé de folie, comme
l'extrême défaut. Rien ne passe pour bon que la
médiocrité. C'est la pluralité qui a établi cela.

PASCAL.

Base envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.

THOMSON.

Le monde n'aime pas les grands caractères.

LÉONARD S. J. SANDEAU.

Her manner was full of the anxiety of a woman
who had fought hard for a high place in society,
and yet suggested a latent hatred of people who,
in yielding to her, had made success bitter and
humiliating.

W. D. HOWELLS.

EXAMPLE.

The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones.

SHAKESPEARE.

The porter at a great man's door is a kind of thermometer, by which you may discover the warmth or coldness of his master's friendship. . . . The porter to some bows with respect, to others with a smile, to some he bows more, to others less low, to others not at all ; some he just lets in, and others he just shuts out.'

HENRY FIELDING.

There is something peculiarly impressive in the reality of great excellence. Every example involves a general precept. But the lesson is enforced by the contemplation of high qualities in real persons, subject like ourselves to the common infirmities of human nature.

SIR G. CORNEWALL LEWIS.

The best of all influences is that of a bright example : one prayer is worth many lectures ; one earnest inward struggle with a besetting sin will do more even for others, than a thousand visits or ten thousand words of reproof. All God's work hangs together : he who will work for Him in the vineyard of the soul will certainly not be idle for Him (whether he himself knows it or not) in the vineyard of life.

C. J. VAUGHAN.

FORTITUDE.

Magno persentit pectore curas,
Mens immota manet. VIRGIL.

Quidquid erit, superanda omnis fortuna ferendo est.
VIRGIL.

Tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito,
Quam tua te Fortuna sinet. VIRGIL.

He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe.
SHAKESPEARE.

I dare do all that may become a man ;
Who dares do more, is none.
SHAKESPEARE.

Our powers owe much of their energy to our
hopes : possunt quia posse videntur.
SAMUEL JOHNSON.

A soul that pity touch'd, but never shook ;
* * * * *
Impassive—fearing but the shame of fear—
A stoic of the woods—a man without a tear.
THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Turn, fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the proud ;
Turn thy wild wheel thro' sunshine, storm and
cloud ;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

FORTITUDE

Turn, fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown ;
With that wild wheel we go not up or down ;
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.

Smile and we smile, the lords of many lands ;
Frown and we smile, the lords of our own hands ;
For man is man and master of his fate.

Turn, turn thy wheel above the staring crowd ;
Thy wheel and thou are shadows in the cloud ;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

LORD TENNYSON.

Il y a des âmes qui ne relèvent point de la
fortune. LÉONARD S. J. SANDEAU.

O spirits bravely-pitched, earth's manlier brood
Long as below we cannot find
The meed that stills the inexorable mind ;
So long this faith to some ideal good,
Under whatever mortal names it masks,
Freedom, law, country, this ethereal mood
That thanks the fates for their severer tasks
Feeling its challenged pulses leap,
While others skulk in subterfuges cheap
And, set in danger's van, has all the boon it asks,
Shall win man's praise and woman's love,
Shall be a wisdom that we set above
All other skills and gifts to culture dear,
A virtue round whose forehead we inwreathe
Laurels that with a living passion breathe
When other crowns grow, while we twine them,
sear,
What brings us thronging these high rites to
pay
And seal these hours the noblest of our year,
Save that our brothers found this better way ?
J. R. LOWELL.

FRIENDSHIP.

Know thou, that the love of Thyself doth thee more hurt than anything in the world. According to the love and affection which thou bearest towards anything, so doth it more or less cleave to thee.

THOMAS À KEMPIS.

The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel ;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade.

SHAKESPEARE.

Dr. Johnson talked of the advantage of keeping up the connexions of relationship, which produce much kindness. ‘Every man,’ said he, ‘who comes into the world has need of friends. If he has to get them for himself, half his life is spent before his merit is known. Relations are a man’s ready friends, who support him. When a man is in real distress he flies into the arms of his relations. An old lawyer, who had much experience in making wills, told me, that after people deliberated long, and thought of many for their executors, they settled at last by fixing on their relations. This shows the universality of the principle.’

LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON.

We are both of us inclined to be a little too positive ; and I have observed the result of our disputes to be almost uniformly this—that in matters of fact, dates, and circumstances it turns out that I was in the right, and my cousin in the

FRIENDSHIP.

wrong. But where we have differed upon moral points ; upon something proper to be done, or let alone ; whatever heat of opposition or steadiness of conviction I set out with, I am sure always, in the long run, to be brought over to her way of thinking. . . . Her education in youth was not much attended to. . . . She was tumbled early, by accident or design, into a spacious closet of good old English reading, without much selection or prohibition, and browsed at will upon that fair and wholesome pasturage. Had I twenty girls, they should be brought up exactly in this fashion.

Those slender ties, that prove slight as gossamer in the rending atmosphere of a metropolis, bind faster, as we found it, in hearty, homely, loving Hertfordshire. In five minutes we were as thoroughly acquainted as if we had been born and bred up together ; were familiar, even to the calling each other by our Christian names. So Christians should call one another.

With what corresponding kindness we were received by them also—how Bridget's memory, exalted by the occasion, warmed into a thousand half-obliterated recollections of things and persons, to my utter astonishment, and her own—and to the astoundment of B. F., who sat by, almost the only thing not a cousin there—old effaced images of more than half-forgotten names and circumstances still crowding back upon her, as words written in lemon come out upon exposure to a friendly warmth—when I forget all this, then may my country cousins forget me, and Bridget no more remember, that in the days of weakling infancy I was her tender charge—as I have been her care in foolish manhood since—in those pretty pastoral walks long ago about Mackery End, in Hertfordshire.

CHARLES LAMB.

FRIENDSHIP.

And let it mitigate thy woe's excess,
That thou hast been to me all tenderness,
And friend to more than human friendship just.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Familiar acts are beautiful through Love.

P. B. SHELLEY.

Welfare requires one or two companions of intelligence, probity, and grace to wear out life with—persons with whom we can speak a few reasonable words every day, by whom we can measure ourselves, and who shall hold us fast to good sense and virtue.

R. W. EMERSON.

He that wrongs his friend
Wrongs himself more, and ever bears about
A silent court of justice in his breast,
Himself the judge and jury, and himself
The prisoner at the bar, ever condemn'd :
And that drags down his life.

LORD TENNYSON.

It is easy to say how we love new friends, and what we think of them, but words can never trace out all the fibres that knit us to the old.

GEORGE ELIOT.

Old friends. The writing of those words has borne

My fancy backward to the gracious past,
The generous past, when all was possible,
For all was then untried ; the years between
Have taught some sweet, some bitter lessons,
none

Wiser than this—to spend in all things else,
But of old friends to be most miserly.

FRIENDSHIP.

Each year to ancient friendships adds a ring
As to an oak, and precious more and more,
Without deservingness, or help of ours
They grow, and silent, wider spread, each year
Their unbought ring of shelter or of shade.

J. R. LOWELL.

A mutual understanding is very pleasant, if it
is a *mutual* understanding.

W. D. HOWELLS.

GAMES.

Here the youngers do nothing but play racquets, billiards, cards, race and smoke. To govern men you must either excel them in their accomplishments or despise them.

LORD BEACONSFIELD.

Walking can never be so good as a game—if one loves the game.

GEORGE ELIOT.

Looking back at the old games of Greece, has man advanced much in the art of amusing himself rationally and wholesomely?

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Everything that enlarges the sphere of human powers, that shows man he can do what he thought he could not do, is valuable. The first man who balanced a straw upon his nose, who rode upon three horses at a time; in short, all such men deserve the applause of mankind, not on account of the use of what they did, but of the dexterity which they exhibited.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

HABIT.

For use almost can change the stamp of nature.
SHAKESPEARE.

Habit teaches men to bear the burdens of the mind, as it inures them to bear heavy burdens on their shoulders. Without use and experience the strongest minds and bodies both will stagger under a weight, which habit might render easy and even contemptible. HENRY FIELDING.

Man is a bundle of habits : there are habits of industry, attention, vigilance, advertency, of a prompt obedience to the just occurring, or of yielding to the first impulse of passion ; of apprehending, reasoning, of indolence and dilatoriness, of vanity, self-conceit, melancholy partiality ; of fretfulness, suspicion, captiousness, censoriousness ; of pride, ambition, covetousness ; of overreaching, intriguing, projecting : in a word, there is not a quality or function, either of body or mind, which does not feel the influence of that great law of nature. WILLIAM PALEY.

Habit has the closest bearing upon everything which concerns human nature.
SIR G. CORNEWALL LEWIS.

There is scarcely any lot of labour, drudgery, or suffering, which is not mitigated by habit. We are familiarised to hardships by enduring them. As the stomach learns after a time to resist seasickness, and loses its sensibility to the motion of

HABIT.

the ship, so the mind is reconciled to the privations of a seafaring life, and finds a pleasure in an existence which to a landsman would be intolerable.

SIR G. CORNEWALL LEWIS.

De toutes les habitudes, celle du travail est à la fois la plus rare, et la plus impérieuse.

LÉONARD S. J. SANDEAU.

HAPPINESS.

Life is not long, and too much of it must not pass in idle deliberation how it shall be spent. . . . To prefer one future mode of life to another, upon just reasons, requires faculties which it has not pleased our Creator to give us.

* * * * *

The main of life is, indeed, composed of small incidents and petty occurrences; of wishes for objects not remote, and grief for disappointments of no fatal consequence; of insect vexations which sting us and fly away of compliments which glide off the soul like other music, and are forgotten by him that gave and him that received them. Such is the general heap out of which every man is to cull his own condition a few pains and a few pleasures are all the materials of human life, and of these the proportions are partly allotted by Providence, and partly left to the arrangement of reason and of choice. As these are well or ill disposed, man is for the most part happy or miserable and even those who seem busied in public affairs, and elevated above low cares or trivial pleasures, pass the chief part of their time in familiar and domestic scenes; from these they came into public life, to these they are every hour recalled by passions not to be suppressed; in these they have the reward of their toils, and to these at last they retire. . . . To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and

HAPPINESS.

labour tends, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution.

* * * * *

To strive with difficulties, and to conquer them, is the highest human felicity; the next is to strive and deserve to conquer: but he whose life has passed without a contest, and who can boast neither success nor merit, can survey himself only as a useless filler of existence. . . . To improve the golden moment of opportunity, and catch the good that is within our reach, is the great art of life.

* * * * *

How evil came into the world; for what reason it is that life is overspread with such boundless varieties of misery; why the only thinking being of this globe is doomed to think merely to be wretched, and to pass his time from youth to age in fearing or in suffering calamities, is a question which philosophers have long asked, and which philosophy could never answer.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

‘Talking of constitutional melancholy,’ Johnson observed, ‘a man so afflicted, Sir, must divert distressing thoughts, and not combat with them.’ Boswell: ‘May he not think them down, Sir?’ Johnson: ‘No, Sir. To attempt to think them down is madness. He should have a lamp constantly burning in his bed-chamber during the night, and if wakefully disturbed take a book and read, and compose himself to rest. To have the management of the mind is a great art, and it may be attained in a considerable degree by experience and habitual exercise.’

When any fit of anxiety or gloominess, or perversion of mind lays hold upon you, make it a

HAPPINESS.

rule not to publish it by complaints, but exert your whole care to hide it ; by endeavouring to hide it you will drive it away. Be always busy.

‘Make it an invariable and obligatory law to yourself never to mention your own mental diseases. If you are never to speak to them, you will think on them but little ; and if you think little of them, they will molest you rarely. When you talk of them it is plain that you want either praise or pity : for praise there is no room, and pity will do you no good ; therefore from this hour speak no more, think no more about them.’

LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON.

What can be done you must do for yourself, do not let any uneasy thought settle in your mind. Cheerfulness and exercise are your great remedies. Nothing is for the present worth your anxiety. *Vivite læti* is one of the great rules of health. I believe it will be good to ride often, but never to weariness, for weariness is itself a temporary resolution of the nerves, and is therefore to be avoided. Labour is exercise continued to fatigue—exercise is labour used only while it produces pleasure.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

The most striking quality in Johnson was his wisdom, his knowledge of the whole art of life. . . . his common sense. . . . No one understood better than Johnson the art by which we arrive at such happiness as life admits of ; no one felt more compassion for those who, through the infirmity of will, failed to practise this art. It is perhaps this union of the strongest common sense and a real tenderness of heart that more than anything else endears him to men who are wide as the poles asunder.

HAPPINESS.

He is never guilty of sullenness against nature. Life, he holds, is unhappy, it must be unhappy. . . . Something can be done to make it happier, and that something we must each of us steadily do. The worst thing of all is to sit down and whine.

LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON.

In the art of the 'management of the mind' he is one of the greatest masters. . . . Are we troubled with unhappy thoughts, we are not 'to attempt to think them down, for it is madness.' Do disappointments come upon us, let us drive them out of our mind. 'Even to think in the most reasonable manner is for the present not so useful as not to think. . . . Gaiety is a duty when health requires it.' He is a 'great friend to public amusements, for they keep people from vice.' We are not to nurse sorrow. However great the bereavement may have been, we are not 'to continue gloomy. Grief has its time. Grief is a species of idleness. Of all diseases the most to be dreaded is the 'sickness of leisure. Rather to do nothing than to do good is the lowest state of a degraded mind.' Has a man greatly sinned, it is not to a life of solitude and sadness that he must flee for repentance. 'Gloomy penitence is only madness turned upside down. The life of a solitary man will be certainly miserable, but not certainly devout.' In every way we are to make the most and best of our lot. 'We are to be well when we are not ill, and pleased when we are not troubled.' We are not to torment ourselves with either suspicions or the expectation of coming ills. 'Suspicion is very often a useless pain,' and 'all useless misery is certainly folly! If we do suffer, we are not to trouble the world with our complaints. . . . He never complains of the world. It is not,' he maintains,

HAPPINESS.

‘so unjust or unkind as it is peevishly represented.’ He is willing to accept the well - considered judgment of the world, ‘for about things on which the public thinks long it commonly attains to think right. The world,’ he says, ‘has always a right to be regarded. The man who threatens it is always ridiculous.’

LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON.

When I read such books as Mackintosh’s *Life*, I wonder the inductive process has not been more systematically applied to the solution of this great philosophical problem, what is happiness? and in what it consists? for the practical purpose of directing the human mind into the right road for reaching this goal of all human wishes.

Who can tell but what these results may lead at last to some simple conclusions such as it requires no vast range of intellect to discover, no subtle philosophy to teach—conclusions mortifying to the pride and vanity of man, but calculated to mitigate the evils of life by softening mutual asperities, and by the establishment of the doctrine of humility, from which all charity, forbearance, toleration, and benevolence must flow as from their source? These simple conclusions may amount to no more than a simple maxim that happiness is to be found in the pursuit of truth and the practice of virtue.

‘*Semita certe*

Tranquillæ per virtutem patet unica vitæ.’

The end of the tenth Satire of Juvenal (which is one of the finest sermons that ever was composed and worth all the homilies of all the fathers of the Church) teaches us what to pray for :

‘*Orandum est ut sit mens sana in corpore sano.*’

C. C. F. GREVILLE.

HAPPINESS.

When persons only wish for the happiness of another, and when they never pass a day without doing a kindness, how can they be otherwise than happy? And when difficulties are very great they have only to ascend to the level of doing the will of God ; they will be happy still. If they are determined to act rightly, to live as the best men and women have lived, there is no more difficulty of unbelief. They see, not having seen ; they go out trusting in God, but not knowing whither they go.

B. JOWETT.

C'est qu'en vérité son bonheur était complet ; il était parvenu à ce degré qui nous rend bons et parfaits, car, lorsqu'on est heureux, on ne croit plus ni au mal, ni au chagrin, ni au malheur.

TOLSTOI.

Pendant qu'il était enfermé dans la baraque, Pierre avait compris par tout ce qui se passait dans son âme, par le genre de vie auquel il était forcément soumis, que l'homme est créé pour le bonheur, que ce bonheur est en lui, dans la satisfaction des exigences quotidiennes de l'existence, et que le malheur est le résultant fatal, non du besoin, mais de l'abondance. Une nouvelle et consolante vérité s'était aussi révélée à lui pendant ces trois dernières semaines : c'est qu'il n'y a rien d'irréremédiable dans ce monde, et que, de même que l'homme n'est jamais complètement heureux et indépendant, de même il n'est jamais complètement malheureux et esclave. Il comprit que la souffrance a ses limites comme la liberté, et que ces limites se touchent : que l'homme couché sur un lit de feuilles de roses, dont une est repliée, souffre autant que celui qui, s'endormant sur la terre humide, sent le froid le gagner : que lui-

HAPPINESS.

meme avait tout autant souffert autrefois avec des souliers de bal trop étroits, qu'aujourd'hui avec les pieds nus et endoloris. TOLSTOI.

Happiness is to be got from living, seeing, experiencing, making friends, enjoying nature !
Look at the world.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

HESITATION.

Let's take the instant by the forward top ;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals ere we can effect them.

SHAKESPEARE.

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt.

SHAKESPEARE.

I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not,
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

SHAKESPEARE.

A hovering temporiser, that canst with thine
eyes see both good and evil, inclining to them
both.

SHAKESPEARE.

O life unlike to ours !
Who fluctuate idly without term or scope,
Of whom each strives, nor knows for what he
strives,
And each half lives a hundred different lives :
Who wait like thee, but not like thee, in hope.

Thou waitest for the spark from Heaven ! and we
Light half-believers of our casual creeds,
Who never deeply felt, nor clearly will'd,
Whose insight never has borne fruit in deeds,
Whose vague resolves never have been fulfill'd ;
For whom each year we see

HESITATION.

Breeds new beginnings, disappointments new :
Who hesitate and falter life away,
And lose to-morrow the ground won to-day.
Ah ! do not we, wanderer, await it too !

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

As Canning said of a man, 'He goes the whole
hog, and he looks the hog he goes.'

MRS. OLIPHANT.

HOME.

The wild bliss of Nature needs alloy,
And fear and sorrow fan the fire of joy !
And say, without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,
Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh ! what were man ?—a world without a sun.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Nos pensées et nos rêves, nos joies et nos douleurs sont un luxe d'ameublement et de décoration que bien des riches ne soupçonnent pas, et qui vaut, à mon sens, le velours, et la soie, le bois de rouse ou le palisandre. Les quatres murs qui nous voient aimer, travailler, rêver, espérer, sont toujours les murs d'un palais. .

LÉONARD S. J. SANDEAU.

Doubtless the memory of each one will furnish him with the picture of some member of a family, whose very presence seems to shed happiness. A daughter, perhaps, whose light step, even in the distance, irradiated every one's countenance. What was the secret of such an one's power? What had she done? Absolutely nothing; but radiant smiles, beaming good humour, the act of divining what every one felt, and every one wanted, told that she had got out of self and learned to think for others. . . . None but she saw those things. None but a loving heart *could* see them. That was the secret of her heavenly power.

F. W. ROBERTSON.

HOME.

Home is the one place in all this world where hearts are sure of each other. It is the place of confidence. It is the place where we tear off that mask of guarded and suspicious coldness which the world forces us to wear in self-defence, and where we pour out the unreserved communications of full and confiding hearts. It is the spot where expressions of tenderness gush out without any sensation of awkwardness and without any dread of ridicule.

A happy home is the single spot of rest which a man has upon this earth for the cultivation of his noblest sensibilities.

And now, my brethren, if that be the description of home, is God's place of rest your home?

F. W. ROBERTSON.

I know not whose retrospect can be bright in this matter. Who can think of his home, and not mourn over selfishnesses and undutifulnesses which have made that which should have been for his health an occasion of falling? Happy they, who have still left to them the opportunity of redeeming, in some sort, the past, towards parents still living! Who can think of his schooldays, and not reproach himself bitterly with neglects, now irreparable, of instructions and influences which might have altered the very complexion of his life? Who can remember his friends, and not mourn over evil done and good left undone—it may be, even, the knowledge of evil communicated, and the persuasion of evil but too successfully applied?

C. J. VAUGHAN.

The many make the household,
But only one the Home.

J. R. LOWELL.

HONOUR.

Slight not the smallest loss, whether it be
In love or honour ; take account of all :
Shine like the sun in every corner : see
Whether thy stock of credit swell, or fall.
Who say, I care not, those I give for lost :
And to instruct them, 'twill not quit the cost.

GEORGE HERBERT.

Good name, in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls ;
Who steals my purse, steals trash ; 'tis some-
thing, nothing
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to
thousands ;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed. SHAKESPEARE.

The purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is—spotless reputation ; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
SHAKESPEARE.

Rightly to be great,
Is, not to stir without great argument ;
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honour's at the stake.

SHAKESPEARE.

Je suis un disciple de Montesquieu, dit le prince
André, et sa maxime : que l'honneur est le principe
des monarchies me semble incontestable, et cer-

HONOUR.

tains droits et privilèges de la noblesse me paraissent être des moyens de corroborer ce sentiment.

Montesquieu nous dit que l'honneur ne peut être soutenu par des privilèges nuisibles ou service lui-même ; l'honneur est donc, ou l'abstention d'actes blâmable, ou le stimulant qui nous pousse à conquérir l'approbation et les récompenses destinées à en être le témoignage. — TOLSTOI.

Shelburne's good faith was always exemplary, but always in need of explanation.

LORD ROSEBERY.

HOPE.

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings,
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.
SHAKESPEARE.

The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope. . . .
SHAKESPEARE.

So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
Farewell remorse ; all good to me is lost ;
Evil be thou my good.
JOHN MILTON.

To rejoice in misfortune knowing that this may
work for good—this is a direct act of hope.
JEREMY TAYLOR.

The chance of gain is by every man more or less
over-valued, and the chance of loss is by most men
under-valued, and by scarce any man, who is in
tolerable health and spirits, valued more than it is
worth.
ADAM SMITH.

Cease, every joy, to glimmer on my mind,
But leave—oh ! leave the light of hope behind !
What though my wingèd hours of bliss have
been,
Like angel visits, few and far between,
Her musing mood shall every pang appease,
And charm—when pleasures lose the power to
please.
THOMAS CAMPBELL.

HOPE

Espérez et aimez. L'espérance adoucit tout, et l'amour rend tout facile.

ABBÉ LAMENNAIS.

How much does one of us foresee of his own life? Short way ahead of us is all dim, an unwound skein of possibilities, of apprehensions, attemptibilities, vague-looming hopes.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Great things are never done, even small successes are never achieved, where there is no hope. Not to hope is not to have.

C. J. VAUGHAN.

HUMAN NATURE.

Sic hominum genus est, quamvis doctrina politos
Constituât pariter quosdam, tamen illa relinquit
Naturæ cujusque animæ vestigia prima.
Nec radicitus evelli mala posse putandum est ;
Quin proclivius hic iras decurrat ad acreis ;
Ille metu citius paulo tentetur : at ille
Tertius accipiat quædam clementius æquo.
Inque aliis rebus multis differre necesse est
Naturas hominum varias, moresque sequaceis :
Quorum ego nunc nequeo cæcas exponere causas,
Nec reperire figurarum tot nomina, quot sunt
Principiis, unde hæc oritur variantia rerum.
Illud in his rebus videor firmare potesse,
Usque adeo naturarum vestigia linqui
Parvola, quæ nequeat ratio depellere dictis :
Ut nihil impediat dignam Diis degere vitam.

LUCRETIUS.

He censures God who quarrels with the imper-
fections of man. EDMUND BURKE.

Un homme ! un fils, un roi de la nature entière !
Insecte né de boue, et qui vit de lumière.
Qui n'occupe qu'un point, qui n'a que deux instants,
Mais qui de l'infini par la pensée est maître.

Il se donne des sens qu'oublia la nature,
Jette un frein sur la vague au vent capricieux,
Lance la mort au but que son calcul mesure,
Sonde avec un cristal les abîmes des cieux.

Il écrit, et les vents emportent sa pensée,
Qui va dans tous les lieux vivre et s'entretenir ;
Et son âme invisible, en traits vivants tracée,
Ecoute le passé, qui parle à l'avenir !

HUMAN NATURE.

Il fonde les cités, familles immortelles ;
Et pour les soutenir il élève les lois,
Qui, de ces monuments colonnes éternelles,
Du temple social se divisent le poids.

Après avoir conquis la nature, il soupire :
Pour un plus noble prix sa vie a combattu ;
Et son cœur vide encore dédaignant son empire,
Pour s'égalier aux dieux inventa la vertu !

Il offre en souriant sa vie en sacrifice ;
Il se confie au Dieu que son œil ne voit pas ;
Coupable, à le remords qui venge la justice ;
Vertueux, une voix qui l'applaudit tout bas !

Plus grand que son destin, plus grand que la
nature,

Ses besoins satisfaits ne lui suffisent pas ;
Son âme a des destins qu'aucun œil ne mesure,
Et des regards portant plus loin que le trépas.

On dirait que son œil, qu'éclaire l'espérance,
Voit l'immortalité luire sur l'autre bord :
Au-delà du tombeau sa vertu le devance,
Et, certain du réveil, le jour baisse, il s'endort !

Voilà cet instinct qui l'annonce
Plus haut que l'aurore et la nuit ;
Voilà l'éternelle réponse
Au doute qui se reproduit !
Du grand livre de la nature
Si la lettre, à vos yeux obscure,
Ne le trahit pas en tout lieu,
Ah ! l'homme est le livre suprême !
Dans les fibres de son cœur même
Lisez, mortels ! Il est un Dieu !

LAMARTINE.

HUMAN NATURE.

Human nature is always and everywhere the same.

Est quidem vera lex recta ratio, naturæ congruens, diffusa in omnes, constans, sempiterna. . . . Omnes gentes, et omni tempore una lex, et sempiterna, et immutabilis, continebit, unusque erit communis quasi magister et imperator omnium Deus.

SIR G. CORNEWALL LEWIS.

He is all fault who hath not fault at all :
For who loves me must have a touch of earth ;
The low sun makes the colour.

LORD TENNYSON.

Toutes les saintes pensées se tiennent par la main ; lorsque l'une d'elles s'est emparée de notre conscience, elle appelle ses sœurs d'un signe mystérieux, et leur ouvre la porte de son nouveau domaine.

LÉONARD S. J. SANDEAU.

La conscience la plus droite a tant de replis tortueux, nous sommes si habiles dans l'art d'ériger nos penchants en devoirs.

LÉONARD S. J. SANDEAU.

Human nature has not altered in the last half century as much as we suppose often. There is greater refinement in the present day and greater decorum, there is also more knowledge and steady industry. On the other hand, though on this point I may hardly seem a fair judge, there was heartiness and originality and force among the youth of that day, and there was not the same tendency to self-analysis.

B. JOWETT.

La séance fut orageuse, des partis se formèrent ; les uns accusaient Pierre d'illuminisme, les autres le soutenaient, et pour la première fois il fut

HUMAN NATURE.

frappé de cette diversité infinie inhérente à l'esprit humain, qui fait qu'aucune vérité n'est jamais considérée sous le même aspect par deux personnes mêmes parmi les membres qui semblaient être de son avis; chacun apportait aux idées qu'il avait exprimées des changements et des restrictions qu'il se refusait à admettre, convaincu que son opinion devait être intégralement adoptée.

TOLSTOI.

Human nature has a much greater genius for sameness than for originality. J. R. LOWELL.

Man, unlike nature, has moral character. He has passions and affections. . . . As man turns his eye in upon himself he is attracted and repelled, and puzzled by turns. H. P. LIDDON.

Of all facts concerning men, none is more manifest than this, that in his true nature are two elements, to his life there are two sides. One is familiar and domestic, the other is sublime and transcendental.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

The natural man is a wild beast, and his natural goodness is the amiability of a beast basking in the sun when his stomach is full. The Hubbards were full of natural goodness, I dare say, when they didn't happen to cross each other's wishes. No, it's the implanted goodness that saves—the seed of righteousness treasured from generation to generation, and carefully watched and tended by disciplined fathers and mothers in the hearts where they have dropped it. The flower of this implanted goodness is what we call civilisation, the condition of general uprightness that Halleck declared he owed no allegiance to.

W. D. HOWELLS.

HUMAN NATURE.

Economics is getting to pay every year a greater attention to the pliability of human nature, and to the way in which the character of man affects and is affected by the prevalent methods of the production, distribution, and consumption of wealth. The first important indication of the new movement was seen in John Stuart Mill's admirable *Principles of Political Economy*.
ALFRED MARSHALL.

The whole air and scene seems to be suffused with suggestions of the pathetic expansiveness and helplessness of human existence, which, generation after generation, is still so vulnerable, so confiding, so eager. Life after life flowers out from the darkness and sinks back into it again.
MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

We are two or three selves at once, and can weep while we smile, and labour while we meditate.
J. H. NEWMAN.

IDLENESS.

O Gentlemen, the time of life is short ;
To spend that shortness basely, were too long.
SHAKESPEARE.

Idleness is the greatest prodigality in the world ;
it throws away that which is invaluable in respect
of its present use, and irreparable when it is past,
being to be recovered by no power of art or nature.
JEREMY TAYLOR.

Let every man that hath a calling be diligent in
pursuance of its employment.
JEREMY TAYLOR.

Car, être sans cesse occupé de ses divertissements et de son plaisir, et presque jamais de ses fonctions et de son emploi ; fuir un travail que vous devez au public, et que le public attend de vous ; avoir horreur d'une assiduité nécessaire, que vous traitez de captivité et d'esclavage ; se décharger sur autrui des soins qui vous regardent personnellement, et dont vous êtes par vous-mêmes responsables ; ne pouvoir se tenir là où il faut être, et se trouver partout où il faudrait n'être pas ; rejeter toute affaire qui incommode, qui fatigue, quoique Dieu ne vous ait fait ce que vous êtes que pour en être fatigués et incommodés ; n'écouter que la prudence humaine, et ne vouloir jamais se commettre à rien, jamais s'exposer à rien, dans les occasions où l'on craint de se perdre, mais où Dieu veut que vous vous perdiez, selon le monde, et que vous vous exposiez ; en un

IDLENESS.

mot, ne prendre de votre condition que le doux et l'agréable, et en laisser le pénible et le rigoureux; secret que le monde enseigne, et que vous avez si bien appris.

BOURDALOUE.

Idle habits become a fearful curse to the life which has formed them. One day's neglect of duty makes the next day's duty so difficult.

C. J. VAUGHAN.

The waste of mental ability, whether it be of the highest gift, genius, or of lower gifts, talent, sagacity, insight, taste, memory, is not less common than waste of money.

H. P. LIDDON.

INDIVIDUALITY.

Who lives by diagrams,
And crosses out the spontaneities
Of all his individual personal life
With formal universals.

E. B. BROWNING.

There is a different type of human excellence from the Calvinistic ; a conception of humanity as having its nature bestowed on it for other purposes than merely to be abnegated. 'Pagan self-assertion' is one of the elements of human worth, as well as 'Christian self-denial.'

. . . . It is not by wearing down into uniformity all that is individual in themselves, but by cultivating it and calling it forth, within the limits imposed by the rights and interests of others, that human beings become a noble and beautiful object of contemplation ; and as the works partake the character of those who do them, by the same process human life also becomes rich, diversified, and animating, furnishing more abundant aliment to high thoughts and elevating feelings, and strengthening the tie which binds every individual to the race, by making the race infinitely better worth belonging to.

JOHN STUART MILL.

Detachment was perhaps the characteristic note of Mrs. Boyce's manner,—a curious separateness, as it were, from all the things and human beings immediately about her.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

INGRATITUDE.

For so it falls out,
That which we have we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it ; but being lack'd and lost,
Why then we rack the value ; then we find
The virtue, that possession would not show us
While it was ours.

SHAKESPEARE.

To be ill-used by those on whom we have bestowed favours is so much in the course of things, and ingratitude is so common, that a wise man can neither feel much surprise or pain when he experiences it ; but to be ill-used by those to whom we owe obligations which we can never forget, and towards whom we continue to feel affection and gratitude, is indeed a most painful sensation.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

La reconnaissance est le culte des belles âmes :
il n'est pas moins doux de la ressentir que de
l'inspirer.

LÉONARD S. J. SANDEAU.

JUSTICE.

Be just and fear not :

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's.

SHAKESPEARE.

Dans la cité de Dieu, chacun aime ses frères comme soi-même, et c'est pourquoi nul n'est délaissé, nul n'y souffre, s'il est un remède à ses souffrances.

Dans la cité de Dieu, tous sont égaux, aucun ne domine, car la justice seule y règne avec l'amour.

Dans la cité de Dieu, chacun possède sans crainte ce qui est à lui, et ne désire rien de plus, parce que ce qui est à chacun est à tous, et que tous possèdent Dieu, qui renferme tous les biens.

Dans la cité de Dieu, nul ne sacrifie les autres à soi, mais chacun est prêt à se sacrifier pour les autres.

ABBÉ LAMENNAIS.

Only the Good discerns the good.

E. B. BROWNING.

The most beautiful character to which humanity can attain, that of the man who does good without thinking about it, because he loves justice and mercy and is repelled by evil.

T. H. HUXLEY.

LOVE.

Improbe amor, quid non mortalia pectora cogis !
Pitiless love ! Strange bidding the heart thou
rulest obeys. VIRGIL.

Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none : be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use ; and keep thy friend
Under thy life's key ; be checked for silence,
But never taxed for speech. SHAKESPEARE.

O, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day ;
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by-and-by a cloud takes all away !
SHAKESPEARE.

But love first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain ;
But, with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power,
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write
Until his ink were temper'd with Love's sighs :
O, then his lines would ravage savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
SHAKESPEARE.

For aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth :
But, either it was different in blood ;
Or else misgrafted in respect of years :

LOVE.

Or else it stood upon the choice of friends :
Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death or sickness did lay siege to it ;
Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream ;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say—Behold !
The jaws of darkness do devour it up :
So quick bright things come to confusion.

SHAKESPEARE.

We can have but little love for the person whom
we will never indulge in an unreasonable demand.

HENRY FIELDING.

Such is the nature of men, that whoever denies
himself to do you a favour is unwilling that it
should be done to you by any other.

HENRY FIELDING.

Oh, how hard it is to find
The one just suited to our mind ;
And if that one should be
False, unkind, or found too late,
What can we do but sigh at fate,
And sing Woe's me—Woe's me ?

Love's a boundless burning waste,
Where bliss's stream we seldom taste,
And still more seldom flee
Suspense's thorns, Suspicion's stings ;
Yet somehow Love a something brings
That's sweet — ev'n when we sigh
' Woe's me !'

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

LOVE.

If in youth, the Universe is majestically unveiling, and everywhere Heaven revealing itself on Earth, nowhere to the Young Man does this Heaven on Earth so immediately reveal itself as in the Young Maiden. Strangely enough in this strange life of ours, it has been so appointed. A Person is ever holy to us, it is in this approximation of the Like and the Unlike that such heavenly attraction first turns out into a flame. Is the pitifullest mortal Person, think you, indifferent to us? How much more of the Like-Unlike. Here is conceded us the highest mystic possibility of such a union, the highest in our Earth; thus in the conducting medium of Fantasy flames forth that fire development of the universal Spiritual Electricity, which unfolded between man and woman, we first emphatically denominate LOVE.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Here about the beach I wander'd, nourishing a
youth sublime

With the fairy tales of science, and the long result
of Time;

When the centuries beheld me like a fruitful land
reposed;

When I clung to all the present for the promise
that it closed.

Love took up the glass of Time, and turn'd it in his
glowing hands;

Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden
sands.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the
chords with might;

Smote the cord of Self, that, trembling, pass'd in
music out of sight.

LOVE.

Cursed be the social wants that sin against the
strength of youth !

Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the
living truth !

Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest
Nature's rule !

Cursed be the gold that gilds the straiten'd fore-
head of the fool !

Oh, I see thee old and formal, fitted to thy petty
part,

With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a
daughter's heart.

'They were dangerous guides the feelings—she
herself was not exempt—

Truly she herself had suffer'd'—Perish in thy self-
contempt !

LORD TENNYSON.

There is the glory of being loved, for so have
we laid the great bases for Eternity.

LORD TENNYSON.

One of Lord Tennyson's main tests of manhood
is 'the chivalrous reverence' for womanhood.

'To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds,
Until they win her ; for indeed I know
Of no more subtle master under heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thought and amiable words,
And courtliness and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man.'

He would say, 'I would pluck my hand from a

LOVE.

man even if he were my greatest hero, or dearest friend, if he wronged a woman or told her a lie.'

LIFE OF LORD TENNYSON.

But if I be dear to some one else,
Then I should be to myself more dear.
Shall I not take care of all that I think,
Yea ev'n of wretched meat and drink,
If I be dear,
If I be dear to some one else.

LORD TENNYSON.

I hold it true, whate'er befall ;
I feel it, when I sorrow most ;
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.'

LORD TENNYSON.

You think too much of the love of human beings ; you are too impulsive, too vehement : the sovereign hand that created your frame, and put life into it, has provided you with other resources than your feeble self, or than creatures feeble as you. Besides this earth, and besides the race of men, there is an invisible world and a kingdom of spirits : that world is round us, for it is everywhere ; and those spirits watch us, for they are commissioned to guard us ; and if we were dying in pain and shame, if scorn come to us on all sides, and hatred crushed us, angels see our tortures, recognise our innocence.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

Most true is it that 'beauty is in the eye of the gazer.' My master's colourless, olive face, square, massive brow, broad and jetty eyebrows, deep eyes, strong features, firm, grim mouth—all

LOVE.

energy, decision, will—were not beautiful, according to rule ; but they were more than beautiful to me : they were full of an interest, an influence that quite mastered me—that took my feelings from my own power and fettered them to his. I had not intended to love him : the reader knows I had wrought hard to extirpate from my soul the germs of love there detected, and now, at the first renewed view of him, they spontaneously revived, green and strong ! He made me love him without looking at me.

I compared him with his guests. What was the gallant grace of the Lynns, the languid elegance of Lord Ingram—even the military distinction of Colonel Dent, contrasted with his look of native pith and genuine power ? I had no sympathy in their appearance, their expression : yet I could imagine that most observers would call them attractive, handsome, imposing ; while they would pronounce Mr. Rochester at once harsh-featured and melancholy looking. I saw them smile, laugh—it was nothing : the light of the candles had as much soul in it as their smile, the tinkle of the bell as much significance as their laugh. I saw Mr. Rochester smile—his stern features softened ; his eye grew both brilliant and gentle, its ray both searching and sweet. He was talking at the moment to Louisa and Amy Ashton. I wondered to see them receive with calm that look which seemed to me so penetrating : I expected their eyes to fall, their colour to rise under it ; yet I was glad when I found they were in no sense moved. ‘He is not to them what he is to me,’ I thought ; ‘he is not of their kind. I believe he is of mine—I am sure he is—I feel akin to him—I understand the language of his countenance and movements : though rank and wealth

LOVE.

sever us widely, I have something in my brain and heart, in my blood and nerves, that assimilates me mentally to him. Did I say a few days since that I had nothing to do with him but to receive my salary at his hands? Did I forbid myself to think of him in any other light than as a paymaster? Blasphemy against nature! Every good, true, vigorous feeling I have gathers impulsively round him. I know I must conceal my sentiments; I must smother hope; I must remember that he cannot care much for me. For when I say that I am of his kind, I do not mean that I have his force to influence and his spell to attract; I mean only that I have certain tastes and feelings in common with him. I must, then, repeat continually that we are for ever sundered; and yet, while I breathe and think, I must love him.'

* * * * *

I forgave him at the moment, and on the spot. There was such deep remorse in his eye, such true pity in his tone, and manly energy in his manner; and besides, there was such unchanged love in his whole look and mien—I forgave him all: yet not in words, not outwardly; only at my heart's core.

* * * * *

After a youth and manhood passed half in unutterable misery and half in dreary solitude, I have for the first time found what I can truly love—I have found you. You are my sympathy—my better self—my good angel; I am bound to you with a strong attachment. I think you good, gifted, lovely: a fervent, a solemn passion is conceived in my heart; it leans to you, draws you to my centre and spring of life, wraps my existence

LOVE.

about you, and kindling in pure, powerful flame,
fuses you and me in one.

* * * * *

We were born to strive and endure, you as
well as I: do so. You will forget me before I
forget you.

* * * * *

May you never feel what I then felt! May your
eyes never shed such scalding, stormy, heart-
wrung tears as poured from mine. May you never
appeal to Heaven in prayers so hopeless and so
agonised as in that hour left my lips: for never
may you, like me, dread to be the instrument of
evil to what you wholly love.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

L'amour, qu'est-ce que l'amour? se disait-il.
L'amour est la negation de la mort, l'amour c'est
la vie; tout ce que je comprends, je ne le com-
prends que par l'amour. Tout est la!
L'amour c'est Dieu, et mourir c'est le retour d'une
parcelle d'amour, qui est moi, à la source générale
et éternelle.

TOLSTOI.

Whether there can be Platonic love in the
modern sense between men and women, or
whether it is a good thing, is a curious question.
I believe that it is. . . . It should be true and
faithful and the reverse of sentimental, and should
never bring upon itself the remark of the world.
I think also that some kind of mutual help or
desire for the good of another is naturally implied
in it. There is a great deal of happiness and con-
solation to be gained from such friendships. They
draw us out and make us to know what is in us.
They may change the whole character for the

LOVE.

better. Yet I admit that they are very likely to become foolish ; and only by great care is it possible to avoid this. B. JOWETT.

Command is a blight to the affections. Whatsoever of refinement, whatsoever of beauty, whatsoever of poetry, there is in the passion that unites the sexes, withers up and dies in the cold atmosphere of authority. Native as they are to such widely separated regions of our nature, Love and Coercion cannot possibly flourish together. The one grows out of our best feelings ; the other has its root in our worst. Love is sympathetic ; Coercion is callous. Love is gentle ; Coercion is harsh. Love is self-sacrificing ; Coercion is selfish. How then can they co-exist ? It is the property of the first to attract, whilst it is that of the last to repel. HERBERT SPENCER.

We cannot kindle when we will
The fire which in the heart resides !
The spirit bloweth and is still,—
In mystery our soul abides.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

En somme, j'ai été aimé des quatre femmes dont il m'importait le plus d'être aimé, ma mère, ma sœur, ma femme et ma fille. Ma part a été bonne et ne me sera pas enlevée ; car je m'imagine souvent que les jugements qui seront portés sur chacun de nous dans la vallée de Josaphat ne seront autres que les jugements des femmes, contresignés par l'Éternel. ERNEST RENAN.

Much of love has only been learnt under the instruction of some woman, who has herself only learnt it from a book. LORD BOWEN.

LOVE.

Hermione, you ask me if I love ;
And I do love you. But indeed we drift
Fast by the flying, fleeting banks of life
Towards the inevitable seas. It seems
But yesterday I saw, as in a dream,
Childhood—a flame of glory—come and go.
And, lo ! to-day these hairs are flecked with time
Already ; and all the silver minutes glide
More dreamily than ever for the love
I bear you ; hand in hand, and hour by hour,
Floating beside you to the sounding falls,
Whence we must leap together into night.
Are we not happy ? Is not life serene ?
We do but pass, you say, from one bright shore
Upon a brighter ! Dear Hermione,
Be glad there is no shadow on your eyes ;
But this I know, that all the world beside
Seems faint with pain ; the rose upon your breast
Is not more full of perfume than the world
Of pain. I hear it even at your side
By day and night—the illimitable sigh
Breathed upward to the throne of the deaf skies—
A cry of hollow-cheeked and hungry men
Burning away life's fire for little ends ;
And women with wan hearts and starving eyes
Waiting for those they love to come again
From strange embraces—ruined womanhood
And barren manhood, fruitful but of pain.
Such is the shore we float from ; for the shore,
The brighter shore, we reach, I only know
That it is night, Hermione, mere night,
Unbroken, unillumined, unexplored.
Come closer, lay your hand in mine ; your love
Is the one sure possession that will last.
Let us be brave, and when the Shadow comes
To beckon us to the leap, rise lightly up
And follow with firm eyes and resolute soul

LOVE.

Whither he leads—one heart, one hand, to live
Together, or if Death be Death, to die.

LORD BOWEN.

Un flot d'amertume étouffa Pierre, des larmes jaillirent de ses yeux. Il avait glissé sur les dalles, anéanti d'angoisse. Et il se rappela cette délicieuse histoire, depuis le jour où Marie, qui avait deviné la torture de son doute, s'était passionnée pour sa conversion, lui prenant la main dans l'ombre, la gardant entre les siennes, en balbutiant qu'elle prierait pour lui, oh ! de toute son âme. Elle s'oubliait, elle suppliait la sainte Vierge de sauver son ami plutôt qu'elle, si elle n'avait qu'une grâce à obtenir de son divin Fils. Puis, ce fut un autre souvenir, les heures adorables qu'ils avaient passées ensemble sous l'épaisse nuit des arbres, pendant le défilé de la procession aux flambeaux. Là encore, ils avaient prié l'un pour l'autre, ils s'étaient perdus l'un dans l'autre, avec un si ardent désir de leur bonheur mutuel, qu'ils avaient touché un instant le fond de l'amour qui se donne et qui s'immole. Et leur longue tendresse trempée de larmes, la pure idylle de leur souffrance aboutissait à cette brutale séparation, elle sauvée radieuse au milieu des chants de la Basilique triomphante, lui perdu, sanglotant de misère, écrasé au fond des ténèbres de la Crypte, dans une solitude glacée de tombe. C'était comme s'il venait de la perdre une seconde fois, pour toujours.

ÉMILE ZOLA.

Money was to give and to take, to buy and to sell,
and that was all. But love was for no market, and
he who lost it lost everything.

HALL CAINE.

No woman likes being made love through
instead of to.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

LUXURY.

Weariness

Can snore upon the flint, when restive sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.

SHAKESPEARE.

Nour aurons beaucoup de superflu, dit Saint Augustin, si nous ne gardons que de nécessaire : mais si nous recherchons les chose vaines, rien ne nous suffira.

PASCAL.

With the greater part of rich people, the chief enjoyment of riches consists in the parade of riches, which in their eyes is never so complete as when they appear to possess those decisive marks of opulence which nobody can possess but themselves.

ADAM SMITH.

But we must observe what is incessantly forgotten, that it is not a Spartan and ascetic state of society which most generates saving. On the contrary, if a whole society has few wants there is little motive for saving. . . . Nothing is commoner than to read homilies on luxury. . . . Without the multifarious accumulation of wants which are called luxury, there would in such a state of society be far less saving than there is. Look at the West End of London with its myriad comforts and splendours. . . . But there is no greater benefit to the community for all that than this seemingly thoughtless enjoyment. . . . To lead a bright life like that, spare and save. And if it be good for the poor that capital should be saved, then the momentary luxury which causes that saving is good for the poor.

WALTER BAGEHOT.

MANNERS.

If any extreme disturbance possesses our whole mind as of love, anger, or any other violent passion if we are not masters enough of our own minds God, who knows our frailty, pities our weakness, requires of us no more than we are able to do, sees what was and what was not in our power, and will judge as a kind and merciful Father. Moderation and restraint of our passions, so that our understandings may be free to examine it is in this we should employ our chief care. JOHN LOCKE.

To show external deference to our superiors is proper ; to seem to yield to them in opinion is meanness. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson insisted that politeness was of great consequence in society. It is, said he, fictitious benevolence.

Depend upon it the want of it never fails to produce something disagreeable to one or other.

LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON.

The manners of the Eastern warrior were grave, graceful, and decorous. Both were courteous ; but the courtesy of the Christian seemed to flow rather from a good-humoured sense of what was due to others ; that of the Moslem, from a high feeling of what was to be expected from himself.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

MANNERS.

The glory of the farmer is that in this division of labours it is his part to create.

Nature never hurries. The lesson one learns in fishing, yachting, hunting or planting, is the manners of Nature : patience with the delays of wind and sun, delays of the season, bad weather, excess or lack of water.

The farmer stands well on the world. Plain in manners as in dress, he would not shine in palaces, yet the drawing-room heroes put down beside him would shrivel in his presence.

That uncorrupted behaviour which we admire in animals and in young children belongs to him, to the hunter, the sailor—the man who lives in the presence of Nature.

EMERSON.

Kind nature is the best : those manners next
That fit us like a nature second-hand ;
Which are indeed the manners of the great.

LORD TENNYSON.

I found,
Instead of scornful pity or pure scorn,
Such fine reserve and noble reticence.

LORD TENNYSON.

A gentleman has no need of self-command ; he simply feels rightly on all occasions ; and desiring to express only so much of his feelings as it is right to express, does not need to command himself.

JOHN RUSKIN.

Un vrai gentleman, est un vrai noble, un homme digne de commander, intégré, désintéressé, capable de s'exposer, et même de se sacrifier pour ceux qu'il guide, non-seulement homme d'honneur, mais homme de conscience, en qui les instincts généreux

MANNERS.

ont été confirmés par la reflexion droite, et qui, agissant bien par nature, agit encore mieux par principe. Dans ce portrait idéal vous reconnaissez le chef accompli ; ajoutez-y les manes anglaises, l'empire de soi, le sang-froid, la persévérance dans l'adversité, le sérieux naturel, la dignité des manières, le fruit de toute affectation ou jactances.

H. A. TAINE.

MARRIAGE.

For what is wedlock forced but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?

SHAKESPEARE.

Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun ;
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice blessed they that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage ;
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd
Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

SHAKESPEARE.

Love refines

The thoughts, and heart enlarges ; hath his seat
In reason, and is judicious ; is the scale
By which to heav'nly love thou may'st ascend,
Nor sunk in carnal pleasure ; for which cause
Among the beasts no mate for thee is found.
Nothing delights me, as those graceful acts,
Those thousand decencies that daily flow
From all her words and actions, mix't with love
And sweet compliance, which declare unfeigned
Union of mind, or in us both one soul ;
Harmony to behold in wedded pair,
More grateful than harmonious sound to the ear.

JOHN MILTON.

MARRIAGE.

Marriage the noblest of friendships.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

To say the truth, as a handsome wife is the cause and cement of many false friendships, she is often too liable to destroy the real ones.

HENRY FIELDING.

The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear,
And something every day they live
To pity—and perhaps forgive !

WILLIAM COWPER.

La première condition physique est l'union de l'homme et de la femme, et . . . la seconde condition est la possession effective de certaines productions de la terre indispensables pour entretien de la vie.

Des conditions spirituelles, la première est la révélation, la vision de Dieu. . . . La seconde condition est l'union avec Dieu qu'opère l'amour qui nous porte vers lui. . . . D'où le lien moral, fondé sur le devoir et le droit.

Ainsi, en les classant selon leurs degrés respectifs d'élévation, la Religion, le mariage, la famille, la propriété sont pour l'homme les conditions primordiales et nécessaires de l'existence.

ABBÉ LAMENNAIS.

Entre l'homme et la femme, l'époux et l'épouse, les droits sont égaux, les aptitudes et les fonctions diverses.

La femme n'est point la servante de l'homme, encore moins son esclave ; elle est sa compagne, son aide, les os de ses os, la chair de sa chair. A mesure que le sens moral se développe chez un

MARRIAGE.

peuple, elle croît en dignité et en liberté, en cette sorte de liberté qui n'est point l'exemption du devoir et de la règle, mais l'affranchissement de toute dépendance servile.

Mari, vous devez à votre femme respect, amour et protection ; femme, vous devez à votre mari déférence, amour et respect. En lui donnant la force, Dieu l'a chargé des plus rudes travaux ; en vous donnant la grâce, et la tendresse, et la douceur, il vous a départi ce qui en allège le poids, et fait du labeur même une intarissable source de joies pures.

ABBÉ LAMENNAIS.

Let this proud watchword rest
Of equal ; seeing either sex alone
Is half itself, and in true marriage lies
Nor equal, nor unequal : each fulfils
Defect in each, and always thought in thought,
Purpose in purpose, will in will, they grow,
The single pure and perfect animal,
The two-cell'd heart beating, with one full stroke,
Life.

LORD TENNYSON.

That happiness, which hath subsequently crowned it, cannot be written in words ; 'tis of its nature sacred and secret, and not to be spoken of, though the heart be ever so full of thankfulness, save to Heaven and the One Ear alone—to one fond being, the truest, the tenderest, and purest wife ever man was blessed with. As I think of the immense happiness which was in store for me, and of the depth and intensity of that love which, for so many years, hath blessed me, I own to a transport of wonder and gratitude for such a boon—nay, am thankful to have been endowed with a heart capable of feeling and knowing the immense beauty and value of the gift which God hath

MARRIAGE.

bestowed upon me. Sure, love *vincit omnia*, is immeasurably above all ambition, more precious than wealth, more noble than name. He knows not life who knows not that ; he hath not felt the highest faculty of the soul who hath not enjoyed it. In the name of my wife I write the completion of hope, and the summit of happiness. To have such a love is the one blessing, in comparison of which all earthly joy is of no value ; and to think of her is to praise God.

W. M. THACKERAY.

The love of all
(To risk in turn a woman's paradox)
Is but a small thing to the love of one.

Good love, howe'er ill placed,
Is better for a man's soul in the end,
Than if he loved ill what deserves love well.

Ah, blame of love, that's sweeter than all praise
Of those who love not !

ROBERT BROWNING.

Marriage is the greatest event of life ; it is also a new beginning of life. It is a home for the lonely. It is the best and most lasting thing. It is Heaven upon earth to live together in perfect amity and disinterestedness and unselfishness to the service of God and man until life is over.

B. JOWETT.

All this is wonderful blessing falling to me beyond my share, after I had thought that my life was ended. Deep down below there is a hidden river of sadness, but this must always be with those who have lived long—and I am able to enjoy my newly re-opened life. I shall be a better, more

MARRIAGE.

loving creature than I could have been in solitude. To be constantly, lovingly grateful for the gift of a perfect love, is the best illumination of one's mind to all the possible good there may be in store for man on this troublous little planet.

GEORGE ELIOT.

The faith that was in them. . . . The dual principle carried out in the relations of humanity, but springing from the very Godhead—which was made up of a father and mother, the masculine and the feminine in one person—was the heart and soul of this system. I am not able myself to see that this view gives any deeper or more attaching charm of tenderness to the all-embracing love of the Father in heaven : but many good people have felt that it did so ; and to many, I believe, the doctrine of the new and close union between the counterparts of married life, so that the man could be said to dwell in the woman and the woman in the man, each coming forth for their special department of human concerns, and retiring when it was their partner's turn, has been as a revelation from heaven. The additional sacredness thus given to what is already the closest tie on earth, and the conclusion that the deepest interests of the human race were involved in it, and could only be worked out by its universal acceptance was the chief dogma, if dogma it could be called, of the new faith. It differed only in its intenser feeling from the well-worn doctrine that 'they two shall be one flesh,' or at least it professed to be the perfect carrying out of that familiar principle which, like almost all the principles of religion, Laurence Oliphant and his wife considered to have fallen into mere dead words and not living sources of faith. And yet I think I have known many pairs walking

MARRIAGE.

by a very sober light, who were indeed and in truth one flesh, or rather one soul. This, however, in the opinion of my friends, was what the world had lost; and to regain the belief in its most superlative carrying out, in that state where each should be the complement, conscious and certain, of the other, and in which the mutual thoughts or breathing together (*Sympneumata*) of the two were to purify the world and bring in at last the fullest conditions of salvation—not indeed that salvation which the older creeds called saving of the soul, in their idea a purely selfish formula, but the redemption of the race from all its sins, the extinction of evil, the regeneration of the world—was the subject of all their desires and thought.

LIFE OF LAURENCE OLIPHANT.

Married life is as much a mystery to us outsiders as the life to come almost. The ordinary motives don't seem to count; it is the realm of unreason. If a man only makes his wife suffer enough, she finds out that she loves him so much, she must forgive him. And there is a great deal in their being bound. They cannot live together in enmity, and they must live together.

W. D. HOWELLS.

Many a woman who would be ready to die for her husband, makes him wretched, because she won't live for him.

W. D. HOWELLS.

I don't believe that getting splendidly married is as good as being true to the love that came long before, and honestly living your own life out without fear or trembling, whatever it is.

W. D. HOWELLS.

MARRIAGE.

Trusty, dusky, vivid, true,
With eyes of gold and bramble-dew,
Steel-true and blade-straight,
The great artificer
Made my mate.

Honour, anger, valour, fire ;
A love that life could never tire,
Death quench, or evil stir,
The mighty master
Gave to her.

Teacher, tender, comrade, wife,
A fellow-farer true through life,
Heart-whole and soul-free
The august father
Gave to me.

R. L. STEVENSON.

MAXIMS.

(Chiefly from Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.)

Never value anything as profitable to thyself which shall compel thee to break thy promise, to lose thy self-respect, to hate any man, to suspect, to curse, to act the hypocrite, to desire anything which needs walls and curtains.

* * * * *

For nothing is so productive of elevation of mind as to be able to examine methodically and truly every object which is presented to thee in life, and always to look at things so as to see at the same time what kind of universe this is, and what kind of use everything performs in it, and what value everything has with reference to the whole, and what with reference to man, who is a citizen of the highest city, of which all other cities are like families ; what each thing is, and of what it is composed, and how long it is the nature of this thing to endure which now makes an impression on me.

* * * * *

But perhaps the desire of the thing called fame will torment thee. See how soon everything is forgotten, and look at the chaos of infinite time on each side of the present, and the emptiness of applause, and the changeableness and want of judgment in those who pretend to give praise, and the narrowness of the space within which it is circumscribed.

* * * * *

Thou sayest, men cannot admire the sharpness

MAXIMS.

of thy wits. Be it so : Show those qualities then which are altogether in thy power, sincerity, gravity, endurance of labour, aversion to pleasure, contentment with thy portion and with few things, benevolence, frankness, no love of superfluity, freedom from trifling magnanimity. Dost thou not see how many qualities thou art immediately able to exhibit, in which there is no excuse of natural incapacity and unfitness, and yet thou still remainest voluntarily below the mark? or art thou compelled through being defectively furnished by nature to murmur, and to be stingy, and to flatter, and to find fault with thy poor body, and to try to please men, and to make great display, and to be so restless in thy mind.

* * * * *

One man, when he has done a service to another, is ready to set it down to his account as a favour conferred. Another is not ready to do this, but still in his own mind he thinks of the man as his debtor, and he knows what he has done. A third in a manner does not even know what he has done, but he is like a vine which has produced grapes, and seeks for nothing more after it has once produced its proper fruit. . . . So a man when he has done a good act does not call out for others to come and see, but he goes on to another act, as a vine goes on to produce again the grapes in season. Must a man then be one of these, who in a manner act thus without observing it? Yes.

* * * * *

But, my good friend, reflect whether that which is noble and good is not something different from saving and being saved ; for as to a man living such or such a time, at least one who is really a man, consider if this is not a thing to be dismissed

MAXIMS.

from the thoughts : and there must be no love of life : but as to these matters a man must intrust them to the deity and believe what the women say, that no man can escape his destiny, the next inquiry being how he may best live the time that he has to live.

* * * * *

Men exist for the sake of one another. Teach thou them or bear with them.

* * * * *

In rational animals there are political communities and friendships, and families and meetings of people. . . . But in the things that are still superior even though they are separated from one another, unity in a manner exists, as in the stars. Thus the ascent to the higher degree is able to produce a sympathy even in things which are separated.

* * * * *

When thou art troubling about anything, thou hast forgotten this, that all things happen according to the universal nature ; and forgotten this, that a man's wrongful act is nothing to thee ; and further thou hast forgotten this, that everything which happens, always happened so and will happen so, and now happens so everywhere ; forgotten this too : how close is the kinship between a man and the whole human race, for it is a community, not of a little blood or seed, but of intelligence. And thou hast forgotten this too, that every man's intelligence is a god, and is an efflux of the deity ; and forgotten this, that nothing is a man's own, but that his child and his body and his very soul came from the deity ; forgotten this, that everything is opinion ; and lastly, thou

MAXIMS.

hast forgotten that every man lives the present time only, and loses only this.

MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS.

Never quarrel.

Never explain.

Never hate.

Never fret.

Never disappoint.

Never fail.

Never fear.

Never drudge.

Never spare.

Never tell.

Never detract.

B. JOWETT.

OBJECT IN LIFE.

The safety of life is this, to examine everything all through, what it is itself, what is its material, what the formal part ; with all thy soul to do justice and to say the truth. What remains except to enjoy life by joining one good thing to another so as not to leave even the smallest intervals between?

MARCUS AURELIUS.

Every moment think steadily as a Roman and a man to do what thou hast in hand with perfect and simple dignity, and feeling of affection, and freedom, and justice ; and to give thyself relief from all other thoughts.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

For those too are triflers who have wearied themselves in life by their activity, and yet have no object to which to direct every movement, and, in a word, all their thoughts.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

A man should have an object or purpose in life, direct all his energies to it ; of course a good object. He is a happy man who has been wise enough to do this when he was young, and has had the opportunities.

Understand that every man is worth just so much as the things are worth about which he busies himself.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

The utmost excellence at which humanity can arrive is a constant and determinate pursuit of

OBJECT IN LIFE.

virtue without regard to present dangers or advantage ; a continual reference of every action to the Divine will ; an habitual appeal to everlasting justice ; and an unvaried elevation of the intellectual eye to the reward which perseverance only can obtain.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Now this unchartered freedom tires :
I feel the weight of chance desires.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Each of us here, let the world go how it will and be victorious or not victorious, has he not a life of his own to lead ? One life—a little gleam of time between two eternities.

For the saving of the world, I will trust confidently to the Maker of the world ; and look a little to my own saving which I am more competent to do.

There is an irrepressible tendency in every man to develop himself according to the magnitude which nature has made him of, to speak out, to act out what nature has laid in him. This is proper, fit, inevitable, nay it is a duty, and even the summary duty for a man. The meaning of life here on earth might be defined as consisting in this ; ‘to unfold yourself, to work what thing you have the faculty for, it is the necessity for the human being, the first law of our existence. Coleridge beautifully remarks that the infant learns to speak by the necessity it feels.’

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
‘Life is but an empty dream,’
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

OBJECT IN LIFE.

Life is real ! Life is earnest !
And the grave is not its goal ;
'Dust thou art, to dust returneth,'
Was not spoken of the soul !

Not enjoyment and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way ;—
But to act that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day !

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

I have always had one lode-star ; now
As I look back, I see that I have wasted
Or progressed as I looked towards that star—
A need, a trust, a yearning after God.

ROBERT BROWNING.

It is not what man does do which exalts him
But what man would do.

ROBERT BROWNING.

The times are not evil, nor has mankind grown worse than of old. But neither now nor formerly can great works be accomplished or great deliverances wrought either for nations or for individuals, without energy and patience, and a purpose which endures through many changes of circumstances and many lives of men, and a vision which sees events as they truly are.

Our plan may be a humble one, the bringing up of a family, the better management of a business, the trivial round, the common task. B. JOWETT.

Greatly begin ! though thou have time
But for a line, be that sublime—
Not failure, but low aim, is crime !

We are not poorer that we wept and yearned.
J. R. LOWELL.

OBJECT IN LIFE.

Ceaseless aspiring,
Ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine
My element :
Glorious fountain !
Let my heart be,
Fresh, changeful, constant,
Upward like thee !

J. R. LOWELL.

And whatever be the ultimate catastrophes of the universe, they will not have obscured for us the spectacle on this tiny and perishable planet, of an unwearying race, of which we ourselves are part, still linked together in prospective and retrospective sympathy, still pressing onward, still nursing the sacred fire, still cherishing ideals, still hoping for perfection.

LORD BOWEN.

'Tis that from change to change their being rolls ;
'Tis that repeated shocks, again, again,
Exhaust the energy of strongest souls
And numb the elastic powers :

Thou waitest for the spark from Heaven ! and we,
'Light half-believers of our casual creeds,
Who never deeply felt, nor clearly will'd,
Whose insight never has borne fruit in deeds,
Whose vague resolves never have been fulfill'd ;
For whom each year we see

Breeds new beginnings, disappointments new ;
Who hesitate and falter life away,
And lose to-morrow the ground won to-day—
Ah ! do not we, wanderers, await it too ?

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

The want of duties, such as country life provides for the rich in England is of course not felt

OBJECT IN LIFE.

nearly so much in a country where millionaires are rare, as it is in the United States, where they abound in every great city. Politics, unhappily, are repulsive . . . the heirs of wealth on the American Continent are too often men of pleasure, spending half their time and money in London or Paris, while as their wealth incites envy they are a dangerous class. But men who have no duty laid upon them will seldom make duties for themselves, and in this sense at least the gospel is still true, which says that it is easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. GOLDWIN SMITH.

Courage, courage, nature ! Poursuis, comme l'astérie sourde et aveugle qui végète au fond de l'océan, ton obscur travail de vie ; obstine-toi ; répare pour la millionième fois la maille de filet qui se casse, refais la tarière qui creuse, aux dernières limites de l'attingible, le puits d'où l'eau vive jaillira. Vise, vise encore le but que tu manques depuis l'éternité ; tâchè d'enfiler le trou imperceptible du pertuis qui mène à un autre ciel. Tu as l'infini de l'espace et l'infini du temps pour ton expérience. Quand on a le droit de se tromper impunément, on est toujours sûr de réussir.

ERNEST RENAN.

We always may be what we might have been.

ADELAIDE PROCTER.

There are many who seem to think that we have fallen on an age in the world when life is especially difficult and anxious. . . . It may be an age of hard work, but when this is not carried to an extreme, it is by no means an evil. If we have less leisure, one reason is because life is so full of interest. SIR JOHN LUBBOCK.

OLD AGE.

I expressed some surprise at Cadogan's recommending good humour, as if it were quite in our own power to attain it. Johnson: 'Why, sir, a man grows better humoured as he grows older. He improves by experience. When young he thinks himself of great consequence, and everything of importance. As he advances in life, he learns to think himself of no consequence, and little things of little importance, and so becomes more patient and better pleased. All good humour and complaisance are acquired. Naturally a child seizes directly what it sees, and thinks of pleasing itself only. By degrees it is taught to please others and to prefer others, and that this will ultimately produce the greatest happiness.'

LIFE OF JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson, with composure and solemnity, repeated the observation of Epictetus, that, 'as man has the voyage of death before him, whatever may be his employment, he should be ready at the Master's call; and an old man should never be far from the shore, lest he should not be able to get himself ready.'

LIFE OF JOHNSON.

And still to love, though prest with ill,
In wintry age to feel no chill,
With me is to be lovely still.

WILLIAM COWPER.

OLD AGE.

It is a common error to wish we could recall the past and be young again, and swear what things we would do if another opportunity was offered us. All vanity, folly, falsehood. We should do just the same as before, because we do actually do the same ; we linger over and regret the past instead of setting manfully to work to improve the future ; we waste present time in vague and useless regrets, and abandon ourselves to inaction in despair instead of gathering up what yet remains of life, and finding a compensation, however inadequate, in resolute industry for our losses. I wonder if anybody has ever done this.

C. C. F. GREVILLE.

I count it another capital advantage of age, this, that a success more or less signifies nothing.

Age sets its house in order, and finishes its works, which to every artist is a supreme pleasure.

In youth we leave one pursuit for another, and the young man's year is a heap of beginnings.

R. W. EMERSON.

Real genius, unless made shallow by prejudice, is seldom frozen by age. Until absolute physical decay sets in, the powers of the mind may become stronger and stronger.

LORD TENNYSON.

He spoke rather sadly of his age, nearly eighty-three, and of what one must expect at that age. He seemed to love life, and to have every reason to love it, surrounded by love, companionship, sympathy, and all that makes life sweet. There seemed so little reason why he should die, and it was impossible to associate any thoughts of death with him that day, except from his own words. As we walked up the garden he pointed out the

OLD AGE.

splendour of the flowers to me. The garden was in all the beauty of the June midday brightness, and he spoke as if he were sorry to be leaving it to go away.

LIFE OF LORD TENNYSON.

One incident of our excursion to Stonehenge. . . . One of the party suddenly exclaimed, 'Look! look! see the lark rising!' I looked up with the rest. There was the bright blue sky, but not a speck upon it which my eyes could distinguish. Again, one called out, 'Hark! hark! hear him singing!' I listened, but not a sound reached my ear. Was it strange that I felt a momentary pang? Was I never to see or hear the soaring songster at heaven's gate, unless—unless—if our mild humanised theology promises truly, I may hereafter, perhaps, listen to him singing far down beneath me? For in whatever world I may find myself, I hope I shall always love our poor little spheroid, so long my home, which some kind angel may point out to me as a gilded globule swimming in the sunlight far away. After walking the streets of pure gold in the New Jerusalem, might not one like a short vacation to visit the well-remembered green fields and flowery meadows?

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

So, too, we may hope that when the fruits of our brief season of three or four score years have given us all they can impart for our happiness; when 'the love of little maids and berries' and all other earthly prettiness shall 'soar and sing,' as Mr. Emerson sweetly reminds us that they all must, we may hope that the abiding felicities of our later life-season may far more than compensate us for all that have taken their flight.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

OLD AGE.

Well said old Lucan. Often have I seen
A stripling tree all foliage and all green ;
But not a hope of grateful, soothing shade,
Its empty strength in fluttering leaves displayed.
Give me the solid trunk, the agèd stem,
That rears its scant but glorious diadem ;
That through long years of battle or of storm
Has striven whole forests round it to reform ;
That plants its roots too deep for men to shake,
That rears its head too high for grief to break ;
That still thro' lightning flash and thunder stroke
Retains its vital sap and heart of oak.
Such gallant tree for me shall ever stand,
A great rock's shadow in a weary land.

A. P. STANLEY.

‘Do you agree with me that I have a right to be a little masterful, abrupt : perhaps exacting, sometimes, on the grounds I stated ; namely, that I am old enough to be your father, and that I have battled through a varied experience with many men of many nations, and roamed over half the globe, while you have lived quietly with one set of people in one house ?’

‘I don't think, sir, you have a right to command me, merely because you are older than I, or because you have seen more of the world than I have ; your claim to superiority depends on the use you have made of your time and experience.’

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

Tell me, old friend—it is a question that I ask myself—Do I feel more desire to do good to others, more love of truth, more interest in important truths than formerly ? Do I get better as I get older, or only keep on the accustomed tenor of my way ? I think that sorrow should in some way be turned to good.

B. JOWETT.

OLD AGE.

My life is drawing to a close. I seem to have a hope for myself and others that this world is not and cannot be all. We trust in God, not venturing to say much on such a matter. B. JOWETT.

The very best years of life are the later, after fifty, after sixty, when you know what the world really is, and what it has to offer. One knows more and can do more for others; has more experience and is free from illusions about wealth or rank or love, or even about religion, for one begins to see what is really valuable in it, and what is half physical or emotional. I don't think that we need lose hope or aspiration; but the hope is almost confined to the desire to become better and to do more for others before we die. My idea of doing good to others is not limited to going about among the poor, or sanitary improvement, or such excellent works. Every one must do good according to his own style and character; they must find out their own way for themselves. The early part of life has been rich in blessings to many of us; cannot we repay them in later years?

B. JOWETT.

Do not let us old fellows be discouraging one another. We are but in the 'vaward of our youth' (Where does that come from?), and there is time yet.

B. JOWETT.

A man may look back upon his own past history in later years; he may remark how he erred from ignorance and want of experience; how many of his own actions he now condemns; and if he be a brave and energetic man, he will not give up the rest of life as hopeless, but he will stand on the past and look forward to the future. At forty, or

OLD AGE.

fifty, or sixty, or seventy years of age he will feel himself to be beginning still and have a good hope in him that the last years of his life will be happier and more useful and more energetic than his earlier years, not to be counted mournfully as they pass away one by one, but to be made more of because there are fewer of them. The chief ground of his hope will be that he knows himself better, and knows other men better. He has learned to recognise the really important things of life, and to set aside the lesser. And so he goes in peace to his end.

B. JOWETT.

As a man gets on in life the feeling that his time is short should quicken him in the service of God.

B. JOWETT.

I hope I shall not rust or let the grass grow under my feet as I get older. I certainly intend to lose no time as years begin to be fewer.

B. JOWETT.

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown ;
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down :
Creep home, and take your place there,
The spent and maim'd among :
God grant you find one face there,
You loved when all was young.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

On the journey of 1837, when I was eighteen I felt for the last time the pure childish love of nature which Wordsworth so idly takes for an intimation of immortality.

It is a feeling only possible to youth, for all Care, Regret, or Knowledge of evil destroys it ;

OLD AGE.

and it requires also the full sensibility of nerve and blood, the conscious strength of heart and hope.

Now looking back from 1886 to that brook-shore of 1837, whence I could see the whole of my youth, I find myself in nothing whatsoever changed. Some of me is dead, more of me stronger. I have learned a few things, forgotten many.

JOHN RUSKIN.

To the old, sorrow is sorrow ; to the young it is despair.

GEORGE ELIOT.

I know these slopes ; who knows them if not I—

But many a dingle on the loved hill-side,

With thorns once studded, old, white-blossom'd trees.

Where thick the cowslips grew, and far descried

High tower'd the spikes of purple orchises,

Hath since our day put by

The coronals of that forgotten time ;

Down each green bank hath gone the plough-boy's team,

And only in the hidden brookside gleam

Primroses, orphans of the flowery prime.

Yes, thou art gone ! and round me too the night

In ever-nearing circle weaves her shade.

I see her veil draw soft across the day,

I feel her slowly chilling breath invade

The cheek grown thin, the brown hair sprent with grey,

I feel her finger light

Laid pausefully upon life's headlong train ;

The foot less prompt to meet the morning dew,

The heart less bounding at emotion new,

And hope, once crush'd, less quick to spring again.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

OLD AGE.

Indians seem to have been the only civilised people who perceived that there was a time in a man's life when it is well for him to make room for younger men, and by an undisturbed contemplation of the great problems of our existence here and hereafter, to prepare himself for death.

It is not equally true of many a man eminent in the Church and State, that in exact proportion as the vigour of his mind and the freshness of his sentiments decrease, his authority and influence increase for evil rather than for good.

MAX MÜLLER.

There is a sweetness in autumnal days.

* * * * *

It is not sad to turn the face towards home,
Even though it shows the journey nearly done :
It is not sad to mark the westering sun,
Even though we know the night doth come.

* * * * *

For the steadfast soul and strong
Life's autumn is as June.

And even as the hair grows grey
And the eyes dim,

* * * * *

A higher joy they know,
To spend the season of the waning year,
Ere comes the deadly chill,
In works of mercy, and to cheer
The feet that toil against life's rugged hill :
To have known the trouble and the fret,
To have known it, and to cease
In a pervading peace.

OLD AGE.

And sweet it is to take,
With something of the eager haste of youth,
Some fainter glimpse of Truth
For its own sake :

* * * * *

To advance Thoughts infinite to march a foot-
pace more :
To make or to declare laws just and sage,
These are the joys of age.

LEWIS MORRIS.

La volonté de Dieu soit fait ! Désormais je n'apprendrai plus grand' chose ; je vois bien à peu près ce que l'esprit humain, au moment actuel de son développement, peut apercevoir de la vérité. Je serais desolé de traverser une de ces périodes d'affaiblissement où l'homme qui a eu de la force et de la vertu n'est plus que l'ombre et la ruine de lui-même, et souvent, à la grande joie des sots, s'occupe à détruire la vie qu'il avait laborieusement édifiée. Une telle vieillesse est le pire don que les dieux puissent faire à l'homme.

RENAN.

PAIN.

How singular is the thing called pleasure, and how curiously related to pain, which might be thought to be the opposite of it; for they are never present to a man at the same instant, and yet he who pursues either is generally compelled to take the other: their bodies are two, but they are joined by a single head.

PLATO.

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest
thought.

P. B. SHELLEY.

Who is this that cometh?

Pain!

Let us arise and go forth to greet him;

Not in vain

Is the summons come for us to meet him;

He will stay

And darken our sun,

He will stay

A desolate night, a weary day.

Since in that shadow our work is done,

And in that shadow our crowns are won!

Let us say still while his bitter chalice—

Slowly into our hearts is poured—

‘Blessed is He that cometh

In the name of the Lord.’

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

PAIN.

He discovered in himself that dual life of which every one who sins or sorrows is sooner or later aware ; that strange separation of the intellectual activity from the suffering of the soul, by which the mind toils on in a sort of ironical indifference to the pangs that wring the heart ; the realisation that, in some ways, his brain can get on perfectly well without his conscience.

W. D. HOWELLS.

The obstacles and torments which make no impression on the mind of a strong man often make a very sensible impression on his heart ; the mind triumphs, it is the heart that suffers ; the mind strengthens and expands after every besetting plague of life, but the heart withers and wears away.

HALL CAINE.

PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

In that piteous cry you heard the eloquence of maternal affection, far surpassing the force of my poor words—Rachel weeping for her children. Nature herself bears testimony in favour of the tenderness and acuteness of the prisoner's parental feelings. I will not dishonour her plea by adding a word more.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Who amongst us is there that does not recollect similar hours of bitter, bitter childish grief? Who feels injustice; who shrinks before a slight; who has a sense of wrong so acute, and so glowing a gratitude for kindness, as a generous boy? and how many of these gentle souls do you degrade, estrange, torture, for the sake of a little loose arithmetic and miserable dog-latin?

W. M. THACKERAY.

She had stealthy and intense raptures of motherly love, such as God's marvellous care has awarded to the female instinct—joys how far higher and lower than reason—blind, beautiful devotions which only women's hearts know.

W. M. THACKERAY.

Chez les mères c'est un penchant irrésistible de trouver, alors même qu'ils n'existent pas, des rapports visibles et frappants entre l'enfant que la mort leur a pris et la plupart de ceux qu'ils rencontrent sur leur chemin; touchantes illusions de l'amour et de la douleur.

LÉONARD S. J. SANDEAU.

PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

Un berceau est plus éloquent qu'une chaise, et rien n'enseigne mieux à l'homme les cotés sérieux de la destituée.

* * * * *

Rien n'égale en douceur la tendresse de ces jeunes âmes : ou en jouit délicieusement : c'est un second printemps dans la vie.

LÉONARD S. J. SANDEAU.

No advice, no exposure, will be of use until the right relation exists again between the father and the mother and their son. To deserve his confidence, to keep it as the chief treasure committed in trust to them by God ; to be the father his strength, the mother his sanctification, and both his chosen refuge, through all weakness, evil, danger, and amazement of his young life.

JOHN RUSKIN.

Only let a parent's actions and words and manner show that his own feeling is a thoroughly right one, and he will rarely fail to awaken a responsive feeling in the breast of his child.

HERBERT SPENCER.

All children have a world of their own, as distinct from that of the grown people who gravitate around them as the dreams of girlhood from our prosaic life ; as the ideas of the kitten that plays with the falling leaves from those of her carnivorous mother that catches mice and is sedulous in her domestic duties.

WALTER BAGEHOT.

The real difficulty for father or mother is not childhood, but youth ; how to get over that difficult time when the child passes into the man or woman, and a relation of governor and governed

PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

should become the purest and closest of friendships.

Surely the child may make a fatal mistake if it imagines that its own happiness counts for nothing in the parent's eyes. What parent but must suffer from the starving of the child's nature? What have mother and father been working for after all, but the perfecting of the child's life? Their longing is that it should fulfil itself in all directions. New ties, new affections, on the child's part, mean the enriching of the parent.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

We love that with a peculiar tenderness for which we have suffered. If we may not carry it anywhere else, we will carry it in our hearts and always to the end.

OLIVE SCHREINER.

The barb in the arrow of childhood's sufferings is this—its intense loneliness, and its intense ignorance.

OLIVE SCHREINER.

PATIENCE.

Sweet are the uses of adversity ;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head ;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running
 brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

SHAKESPEARE.

All places that the eye of heaven visits,
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens :
Teach thy necessity to reason thus ;
There is no virtue like necessity.

SHAKESPEARE.

When a storm of sad mischance beats upon our
spirits, turn it to some advantage by observing
whether it can serve another end. At least
it may make us weary of the world and
make our spirits dwell in those regions where
content dwells essentially.

* * * * *

Never compare thy condition with those above
thee, but look upon those thousands with whom
thou wouldst not for any interest change.

* * * * *

Enjoy the blessings of this day and the evils
bear patiently, for this day only is ours, we are
dead to yesterday, and we are not yet born to the
morrow.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

PATIENCE.

You must some day come round to me, when wounds, or weariness, or merely, as I hope, a healthy old age, shall shut you out for once and all from burra shikar, whether human or quadruped. . . . Then in that day will you be forced, my friend, to do what I have done this many a year ; to refrain your soul, and keep it low. You will see more and more the depth of human ignorance, the vanity of human endeavours. You will feel more and more that the world is going God's way, and not yours, or mine, or any man's ; and that if you have been allowed to do good work on earth, that work is probably as different from what you fancy it as the tree from the seed whence it springs. You will grow content, therefore, not to see the real fruit of your labours, because if you saw it you would probably be frightened at it, and what is very good in the eyes of God would not be very good in yours ; content also to receive your discharge, and work and fight no more, sure that God is working and fighting, whether you are in hospital or in the field.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Toute douleur sincère nous élève à Dieu.

LÉONARD S. J. SANDEAU.

Les larmes sont divines : c'est la rosée céleste qui lave nos souillures.

LÉONARD S. J. SANDEAU.

I worked with patience, which means almost power.

E. B. BROWNING.

Unprovoked suffering, not consequent on conduct but inflicted to outer seeming capriciously, in the midst of distinct Doing Good. 'How to take

PATIENCE.

it?' Not stoically—for that assumes that there is no Purpose in it.

* * * *

Accept it as conscious of GOD being concerned in it.

Such acceptance is heroic. . . . 'God will thank a man for it.' ARCHBISHOP BENSON.

PEACE OF MIND.

La paix est le fruit de l'amour ; car, pour vivre en paix, il faut savoir supporter bien des choses.

Nul n'est parfait, tous ont leurs défauts ; chaque homme pèse sur les autres, et l'amour seul rend ce poids léger.

ABBÉ LAMENNAIS.

No thing is more rare at this day than quiet thought. Every man is in a bustle, being bent to do a great deal. We preach, and run from house to house ; we do not pray or meditate.

J. H. NEWMAN.

An untiring sense of duty, an active consciousness of the perpetual presence of Him who is its author and its law, and a lofty aim beyond the grave—these are the best and most efficient parts wherewith we should be armed, when with full purpose of heart we address ourselves to the life-long work of self-improvement.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

The Gods who haunt
The lucid interspace of world and world,
Where never creeps a cloud, or moves a wind,
Nor sound of human sorrow mounts to mar
Their sacred everlasting calm ! and such
Not all so fine, nor so divine a calm,
Nor such, nor all unlike it, man may gain
Letting his own life go.

LORD TENNYSON.

PEACE OF MIND.

I will first count my blessings, and for the best and truest beginning of all blessings, I had been taught the perfect meaning of Peace, in thought, act, and word. I never had heard my father's or mother's voice once raised in any question with each other. I had never seen disorder in any household matter. JOHN RUSKIN.

Peace of mind must come in its own time, as the waters settle themselves into clearness as well as quietness ; you can no more filter your mind into purity than you can compress it into calmness ; you must keep it pure, and throw no stones into it if you would have it quiet. JOHN RUSKIN.

PESSIMISM.

Summing up, then, we seem to find that we are slowly but demonstrably approaching what we may regard as the age of reason or of a sublimated humanity ; and that this will give us a great deal that we are expecting from it—well-ordered politics, security to labour, education, freedom from gross superstitions, improved health and longer life, the destruction of privilege in society and of caprice in family life, better guarantees for the peace of the world, and enhanced regard for life and property when war unfortunately breaks out. It is possible to conceive the administration of the most advanced states so equitable and efficient that no one will even desire seriously to disturb it. On the other hand, it seems reasonable to assume that religion will gradually pass into a recognition of ethical precepts and a graceful habit of morality ; that the mind will occupy itself less and less with the works of genius, and more and more with trivial results and ephemeral discussions ; that husband and wife, parents and children will come to mean less to one another ; and that romantic feeling will die out in consequence ; that the old will increase upon the young ; that two great incentives to effort, the desire to use power for noble ends, and the desire to be highly esteemed, will come to promise less to capable men as the field of human energy is crowded ; and generally that the world will be left without the convictions of enthusiasm, without the regenerating influence of the ardour for political reform, and the fervour of pious faith which have quickened men for centuries past as nothing else has quickened them, with a passion purifying the soul.

C. H. PEARSON.

PLEASURE.

I ask myself, What is this that, ever since earliest years, thou hast been fretting and fuming and lamenting and self-tormenting on account of? Say it in a word; is it not because thou art not Happy?

‘Es leuchtet mir ein,’ I see a glimpse of it, cries he elsewhere: there is in man a Higher than Love of Happiness: he can do without Happiness, and instead thereof find blessedness. Was it not to preach forth this same Higher, that sages and martyrs, the Poet and Priest in all times, have spoken and suffered; bearing testimony, through life, and through death, of the Godlike that is in man, and how in the Godlike has he only Strength and Freedom? Which God-inspired Doctrine art thou also honoured to be taught; oh, Heavens, and broken with manifold merciful Afflictions, even till thou become contrite, and learn it. O, thank thy Destiny for these, thankfully bear what yet remain: thou hast need of them, the self in thee needs to be annihilated. On the roaring billows of Time, thou art not engulfed, but borne aloft into the azure of Eternity. Love not Pleasure, love God. This is the Everlasting Yes, wherein all contradiction is solved, wherein whoso walks and works, it is well with him.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

REVENGE.

The best way of revenging thyself is not to become like the wrong-doer.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

Revenge is a guest that naturally disquiets and tortures those who entertain it, with all the perplexities they contrive for others.

CLARENDON.

If revenge be, as a certain divine, not greatly to his honour, calls it, the most luscious morsel the devil ever dropped into the mouth of a sinner, it must be allowed at least to cost us often extremely dear ; it is a dainty, if indeed it be one, which we come at with great inquietude, with great difficulty, and with great danger. However pleasant it may be to the palate while we are feeding on it, it is sure to leave a bitter relish behind it ; and so far, indeed, it may be called a luscious morsel that the most greedy appetites are soon glutted, and the most eager longing for it is soon turned into loathing and repentance. I allow that there is something tempting in its outward appearance ; but it is like the beautiful colour of some poisons from which, however they may attract our eyes, a regard to our own welfare commands us to abstain. And this is an abstinence to which wisdom alone, without any Divine command, has been often found adequate, with instances of which the Greek and Latin authors everywhere abound.

HENRY FIELDING.

RICHES.

Let no riches ever make me forget myself : no poverty make me to forget Thee.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

Qu'aviez-vous fait à Dieu pour être ainsi préférés au reste des hommes et à tant d'infortunes surtout qui ne se nourrissent que d'un pain de larmes et d'amertume ? Ne sont-ils pas comme vous l'ouvrage de ses mains et rachetés de même prix ? N'êtes-vous pas sortis de la même boue ? Qu'avez-vous au-dessus d'eux devant celui qui ne connaît de titres et de distinctions dans ses créatures que les dons de sa grâce ? Cependant Dieu, leur père comme le votre, les livre au travail, à la peine, à la misère et à l'affliction, et il ne réserve pour vous que la joie, le repos, l'éclat et l'opulence ; ils naissent pour souffrir, pour porter le poids du jour et de la chaleur, pour fournir de leurs peines et de leurs sueurs, à vos plaisirs et à vos profusions ; pour traîner, si j'ose parler ainsi, comme *devils* animaux, le char de votre grandeur et de votre indolence. Cette distance énorme que Dieu laisse entre eux et vous a-t-elle jamais été seulement l'objet de vos réflexions, loin de l'être de votre reconnaissance.

BOURDALOUE.

There are many motives to the appearance of bounty very different from those of true charity, and which, with whatever success they may be imposed upon mankind, will be distinguished at the last day by Him to whom all hearts are open.

RICHERS.

It is not impossible that men whose chief desire is esteem and applause may squander their wealth in such a manner that some part of it may benefit the virtuous or the miserable ; but as the guilt, so the virtue of every action arises from design. . . . If man in the distribution of his favours finds the desire of engaging gratitude or gaining affection to predominate he ought to remember that he is not acting upon the proper motives of charity. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Acquisitions long enjoyed are with great difficulty quitted. . . . Men who could willingly resign the luxuries and sensual pleasures of a large fortune cannot consent to live without the grandeur and the homage.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Poverty takes away so many means of doing good, and produces so much inability to resist evil, both natural and moral, that it is by all virtuous means to be avoided. Consider a man whose fortune is very narrow ; whatever be his rank by birth, or whatever his reputation by intellectual excellence, what good can he do ? or what evil can he prevent ? That he cannot help the needy is evident ; he has nothing to spare. But perhaps his advice or admonition may be useful. His poverty will destroy his influence : many more can find that he is poor than that he is wise ; and few will reverence the understanding that is of so little advantage to its owner. . . . Of riches it is not necessary to write the praise. Let it, however, be remembered that he who has money to spare has it always in his power to benefit others ; and of such power a good man must always be desirous. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

RICHES.

From what I have said concerning the danger of possessing the things which the world admires, we may draw the following rule : use them as far as given with gratitude, but do not go out of the way to seek them. They will not, on the whole, make you happier, and they may make you less religious.

For us, indeed, who are all the adopted children of God our Saviour, what addition is wanting to complete our happiness?

Shall we ask for an earthly inheritance who have the fulness of an heavenly one? It is in this sense that the Gospel of Christ is a leveller of ranks. To the true Christian the world assumes another and more interesting appearance ; it is no longer a stage great and noble, but it is a scene of probation. And the more we realise this view of things, the more will the accidental distinctions of nature or fortune die away.

J. H. NEWMAN.

None of these things bring the pleasure which we beforehand suppose they will bring. Watch narrowly the persons who possess them, and you will at length discover the same uneasiness and occasional restlessness which others have ; you will find that there is just a something beyond. The good things you admire please for the most part only while they are new ; now those who have them are accustomed to them, so they care little for them.

The case of Solomon is still more striking ; his falling away even surpasses our anticipation of what our Saviour calls 'the deceitfulness of riches.'

Yet this was he who had offered up that most sublime and affecting prayer at the Dedication of

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the Temple, and who on a former occasion, when the Almighty gave him the choice of any blessing he should ask, had preferred an understanding heart to long life and honour and riches.

J. H. NEWMAN.

It so far seems clear, that according to the rule of the Gospel, the absence of wealth is as such a more blessed and a more Christian state than the possession of it. . . .

The danger of possessing riches is the carnal security to which they lead; an object of this world is thus set before us as the aim and end of life. It seems to be the will of Christ that His followers should have no aim or end, pursuit or business, merely of this world.

A life of money-getting is a life of care. From the first there is a fearful anticipation of loss in various ways to depress and unsettle the mind; nay, to haunt it until a man finds he can think about nothing else, and is unable to give his mind to religion, from the constant whirl of business in which he is involved.

J. H. NEWMAN.

The consideration the rich possess in all societies is not without meaning or right. It is the approval given by the human understanding to the act of creating value by knowledge and labour. . . . Every one must seek to secure his independence, but he need not be rich.

R. W. EMERSON.

Great wealth is a great blessing to a man who knows what to do with it, and as for honours, they are inestimable to the honourable.

LORD BEACONSFIELD.

RICHES.

'Ah, you,' she said, 'who are born to such a grace,
Be sorry for the unlicensed class, the poor,
Reduced to think the best good fortune means
That others simply should be kind to them.'

E. B. BROWNING.

Proputty, proputty, proputty—that's what I 'ears
'em saay ;

But proputty, proputty sticks, an' proputty, pro-
putty graws.

But I knaw'd a Quaaker feller as often 'as tow'd
ma this :

'Doant thou marry for munny, but goa wheer
munny is.'

Luvv ? what's luvv ? Thou can luvv thy lass as'
'er munny too,

Gentleman burn ! what's gentleman burn ? Is it
shillins an' pence ?

Proputty, proputty, ivrything 'ere, an', Sammy,
I'm blest

If it isn't the saame oop yonder.

Tis'n them as 'as munny as breaks into 'ouses an'
steals,

Them as 'as coats to their backs an' taakes their
regular meals.

Noa, but it's them as niver knaws wheer a meal's
to be 'ad ;

Take my word for it, Sammy, the poor in a loomp
is bad.

LORD TENNYSON.

First, as a general rule, the rich men of every
community who make their own money are not
the most generally intelligent and cultivated.
They have a shrewd talent which secures a for-

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tune, and which keeps them closely at the work of amassing from their youngest years until they are old. They are sturdy men of simple tastes often. Sometimes, though rarely, very generous, but necessarily with an altogether false and exaggerated idea of the importance of money.

Then there are the inheritors of wealth. How many of them inherit the valiant genius and hard frugality which built up their fortunes ; how many acknowledge the stern and heavy responsibility of their opportunities ; how many refuse to dream their lives away in a Sybarite luxury ; how many are smitten with the lofty ambition of achieving an enduring name by works of a permanent value ; how many do not dwindle into dainty dilettanti ?

G. W. CURTIS.

Certainly there are some possessions in which the conditions of human society oblige men who do not seriously believe in God as Maker and Owner of the universe to admit other rights than their own. This, *e.g.*, is the case with landed property. Landed property, it is often said, has its responsibilities. It cannot be regarded on any theory as simply the possession of the owner to do what he will with ; he holds it, not simply in his own right, but in trust for the nation, in trust for the poor, and his rights over it are traversed by serious liabilities. . . . Nothing is more certain than that the continued security of landed property in this country depends upon a generous admission of its immense, and, I will add, its natural responsibilities on the part of landowners.

But, in truth, what we all recognise in the case of landed property is morally true of property of all kinds. We are not the less trustees because we have what we have in more obscure invest-

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ments, in the funds, in foreign funds, in nobody knows what funds ; because nobody knows what we have, and there are no human beings ready to make claims upon us. Whatever we have is given us to hold in trust, given us to administer in the fear of God, and with an eye to His glory ; and the moment we lose sight of this, we begin to waste the goods which are not ours, but His.

The waste of God's goods by His human stewards is one of the sad mysteries of the moral world.

The man who spends what he has always upon himself, however decorously and prudently, wastes it. The man who hoards what he has, as if money had a virtue inherent in itself and could be kept by its owner for ever, wastes it. The man who does not make a conscience of consecrating what he has, by giving one-tenth of it, or at least some fixed proportion, to God, wastes it. H. P. LIDDON.

What shall we say about the Material Prosperity of a Community ? Sometimes it is depreciated and defamed. Man's treatment of wealth has been one of the strongest indications of his mental and spiritual condition.

The getting of wealth and the using of wealth both open the chances for the cultivation of precious qualities. Does not all that suggest what the true issue of it all must be ? Not by abusing money-getting, but by insisting that money-getting must have ends beyond itself. Not by calling wealth wicked, but by calling wicked the selfish, the licentious, the oppressive use of wealth. Not by trying to make all men poor, but by demanding of rich men that they shall be fine, broad, helpful, in proportion to their riches.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

RICHES.

The most pitiable circumstance attending the possession of wealth is that no one sympathises with the possessor. SIR WALTER BESANT.

Laws against luxury have been futile ; but it would be a gain if the moral sentiment of the community could induce people to avoid all sorts of display of individual wealth. There are indeed true worthy pleasures to be got from wisely ordered magnificence ; but they are at their best when free from any taint of personal vanity on the one side and envy on the other ; as they are when they centre round public buildings, public parks, public collections of the fine arts, and public games and amusements. So long as wealth is applied to provide for every family the necessities of life and culture, and an abundance of the higher forms of enjoyment for collective use, so long the pursuit of wealth is a noble aim ; and the pleasures which it brings are likely to increase with the growth of those higher activities which it is used to promote.

When the necessities of life are once provided, every one should seek to increase the beauty of things in his possession rather than their number or their magnificence. ALFRED MARSHALL.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

Hos successus alit ; possunt, quia posse videntur.

VIRGIL.

First rule for success to take Michael Angelo's course, 'to confide in one's-self, and be something of worth and value.'

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power,
Yet not for power, power of herself
Would come uncalled for, but to live by law,
Acting the law we live by without fear ;
And, because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom—in the scorn of consequence !

LORD TENNYSON.

La défiance de soi-même est le signe du vrai talent.

LÉONARD S. J. SANDEAU.

I would echo what Bishop Stanley writes of himself in his journal. 'My greatest obstacle to success in life has been a want of confidence in myself, under a doubt as to whether I really was possessed of talents on a par with those around me.'

MARK PATTISON.

Can any summary rule for self-improvement be given more than this, every day and every hour to frame yourself with a view to getting over a weakness ? How a person does this can only be learnt from experience, not, I think, to be intruded on by others.

B. JOWETT.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

Nous ne pouvons progresser qu'au milieu des luttes de la vie, par la connaissance de nous-même, où l'on ne peut parvenir que par la comparaison.

TOLSTOI.

Don't question your conscience so much—it will get out of tune like a strummed piano. Keep it for great occasions. Don't try so much to form your character; it's like trying to pull open a rosebud. Live as you like best, and your character will form itself.

I am absorbed in myself: I look at life too much as a doctor's prescription.

HENRY JAMES.

SHYNESS.

How curious that difficulty of talking to others is to which you refer. I feel it constantly—partly a kind of sensitiveness, or the fear of not meeting with a response, or of some superior quickness of knowledge in the person with whom we are talking. For some reason or other, nothing comes into our minds to say—no pleasant nonsense, or more solid fact of interest—or only comes into our minds a minute too late. It is a sad trouble—so much pleasure lost—such a bad impression created, such a humiliation to oneself. This is what I used to feel when I was young ; now I fear that I have not much more elasticity or pleasure in conversation at a dinner-table than I used to have ; but I know it does not signify much ; if you are kind and listen to others, people are not dissatisfied, and you must rely on other things for any influence which you exercise in the world.

JOWETT.

SILENCE.

The first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office ; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd knolling a departing friend.
SHAKESPEARE.

The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.
SHAKESPEARE.

Out of the silence, yet, I pick'd a welcome ;
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
SHAKESPEARE.

O, my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing. SHAKESPEARE.

All Puritanism has grown inarticulate ; its fervent preachings, prayings, pamphleteerings are sunk in one indiscriminate moaning hum, mournful as the voice of subterranean winds. So much falls silent ; human speech, unless by rare chance it touch on the 'Eternal Melodies,' and harmonise with them, sinks all silent. The fashion of this world passeth away.

Cromwell's words—and still more his *silences* and unconscious instincts, when you have spelt and lovingly deciphered these also out of his words—will in several ways reward the study of an earnest man.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

SILENCE.

Speech is too often not, as the Frenchman defined it, the art of concealing thought, but of quite stifling and suspending thought, so that there is none to conceal. Speech, too, is great, but not the greatest. As the Swiss inscription says: 'Sprechen ist silbern, Schweigen ist golden' ('Speech is silvern, Silence is golden'), or, as I might rather express it, 'Speech is of Time, Silence is of Eternity.' Bees will not work except in darkness; Thought will not work except in Silence; neither will Virtue work except in Secrecy: 'Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth.'

THOMAS CARLYLE.

There is no Silence like the Speech you cannot listen to without danger of locked-jaw.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

'C'est un homme admirable—il se tait en sept langues.'

Lord Acton tells me he first heard this *bon mot* in 1855, related of Immanuel Bekker the philologist.

GEORGE ELIOT.

Their talk was for the most part frivolous, and their thoughts ephemeral; but again they were, with her at least, suddenly and deeply serious. Till then all things seemed to have been held in arrest, and impressions, ideas, feelings, fears, desires, released themselves simultaneously, and sought expression with a rush that defied coherence.

'Oh, why do we try to talk?' she asked at last. 'The more we say the more we leave unsaid. Let us keep still awhile.'

W. D. HOWELLS.

SINCERITY.

When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith.
SHAKESPEARE.

Hier bin ich Mensch, hier darf ich's sein.
GOETHE.

If, indeed, our intercourse with each other were constantly penetrated by the recollection of what we really are, and of the respect which is due to the sanctities of the soul's life, how different would it be ! Not necessarily less bright and genial, but certainly more earnest, more thorough, more full of meaning. As it is, we too often retain the forms of Christian courtesy while we have lost the sense of their power.
H. P. LIDDON.

SLANDER.

Fama, malum qua non aliud velocius ullum :
Mobilitate viget viresque acquirit eundo,
Parva metu primo, mox sese adtollit in auras
Ingrediturque solo, et caput inter nubila condit.
Illam Terra parens, ira irritata deorum,
Extremam, ut perhibent, Coeo Enceladoque
sororem
Progenit pedibus celerem et pernicipibus alis,
Monstrum horrendum ingens, cui, quot sunt corpore plumæ,
Tot vigiles oculi subter, mirabile dictu,
Tot linguæ, totidem ora sonant, tot surrigit aures.
Nocte volat cœli medio terræque per umbram,
Stridens, nec dulci declinat lumina somno ;
Luce sedet custos aut summi culmine tecti,
Turribus aut altis, et magnas territat urbes,
Tam ficti pravique tenax quam nuntia veri.

VIRGIL.

It is utterly impossible to attempt, in public life, to overtake calumny even when a man holds a substantial position with a right of self-defence. All that can be done is to expel from the memory, or at least from the recollection, the fact that such censures are published. Or, if the remembrance of them will force itself on the mind, to remember also how utterly insignificant to society at large, with very few exceptions, each component member of society is.

SIR J. STEPHEN.

SLANDER.

Lies upon this side, lies upon that side, truthless
violence mourn'd by the wise,
Thousands of voices drowning his own in a popular
torrent of lies upon lies.

LORD TENNYSON.

This huckster put down war ! Can he tell
Whether war be a cause or a consequence ?
Put down the passions that make earth Hell !
Down with ambition, avarice, pride,
Jealously, down ! cut from off the mind
The bitter springs of anger and fear ;
Down, too, down at your fireside,
With the evil tongue and the evil ear,
For each is at war with mankind.

LORD TENNYSON.

It is a venerable fact that, if a man or woman makes a practice of, and takes a delight in believing and spreading evil of people indifferent to him or her, he or she will end in believing evil of folk very near and dear. . . . It is another aged fact that, in life as well as racing, all the worst accidents happen at little ditches and cut-down fences.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

SOCIETY.

Not only is the Church no longer opposed to society, but we find a difficulty in drawing the line between them. It seems impossible to conceive three things more opposite at first sight to the Sermon on the Mount, than war, law, and trade ; yet Christian Society has long since made up its mind about them, and we all accept them.

It has naturalised and adopted in the boldest way, art, literature, and science. We educate by the classics and are not afraid of Shakespeare.

In all ages there have been rich men furnished with ability, busy men occupied in the deepest way with the things of this life, to whom Christ's words have been no unmeaning message—students, lawyers, merchants, consumed with the desire of doing good ; soldiers filled with the love of their neighbour ; ‘men,’ as we call them, ‘of the world’ following all that is pure and noble in the fear and love of God ; of whom if we cannot say that they are men in earnest to follow in the steps of Jesus Christ, it is difficult to know of whom we can say so.

R. W. CHURCH.

There is a good deal of magnetism in society. How great is the difference made by the absence or presence of a single person ! The kindly receptive power, the readiness to attend to anything which is said by a person who says nothing, has a great effect.

A party is a whole, a work of art.

B. JOWETT.

SOCIETY.

He asked me how we liked London. I said we found London society spoiled by its dimensions, by the multiplicity of people and engagements.

‘The failure of London Society,’ he said, ‘is due to the loss of the art of conversation. No one can talk now-a-days, or no one will.’

B. JOWETT.

The ‘Best Society’ is that in which the virtues are the most shining, which is the most charitable, forgiving, long-suffering, modest, and innocent. The ‘Best Society’ is, by its very name, that in which there is the least hypocrisy and insincerity of all kinds, which recoils from, and blasts, artificiality, which is anxious to be all that it is possible to be.

That is the ‘Best Society’ which comprises the best men and women.

The very best sermon ever preached upon society, within our knowledge, is ‘Vanity Fair.’ We are very much pained, of course, that any author should take such dreary views of human nature. What are the prospects of any society of which that tale is the true history?

G. W. CURTIS.

SOLITUDE.

For solitude sometimes is best society,
And short retirement urges sweet return.

JOHN MILTON.

Die schlechteste Gesellschaft lässt dich fühlen,
Dass du ein Mensch mit Menschen bist.

The meanest fellowship will give the feeling,
That in the midst of men thou art a man.

GOETHE.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion
 dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been ;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold ;
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean,
This is not solitude ; 'tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her
 stores unroll'd.

But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
With none who bless us, none whom we can
 bless ;
Minions of splendour shrinking from distress !
None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
If we were not, would seem to smile the less
Of all that flatter'd, follow'd, sought, and sued ;
This is to be alone ; this, this is solitude.

BYRON.

SOLITUDE.

La solitude avec Dieu, c'est la jouissance sans distraction de l'infini, c'est la conversation sans témoin avec ce qu'on adore.

Que faut-il, ô mon Dieu, pour nous rendre ta foi ?
Un jour dans le silence écoulé devant toi,
Regarder et sentir, et respirer et vivre ;
Vivre, non de ce bruit dont l'orgueil nous éivre ;
Mais de ce pain du jour qui nourrit sobrement,
De travail, de prière et de contentement ;
Se laisser emporter par le flux des journées
Vers cette grande mer où roulent nos années,
Comme sur l'Océan la vague au doux roulis,
Berçant du jour au soir une algue dans ses plis,
Porte et couche à la fin au sable de la rive
Ce qui n'a point de rame, et que pourtant arrive :
Notre âme ainsi vers Dieu gravite dans son cours.

* * * * *

Mon cœur, à ce réveil du jour que Dieu renvoie,
Vers un ciel qui sourit s'élève sur la joie,
Et decès dons nouveaux rendant grâce au Seigneur,
Murmure en s'éveillant son hymne intérieur ;
Demande un jour de paix, de bonheur, d'innocence,
Un jour qui pèse entier dans la sainte balance,
Quand la main qui les pèse à ses poids infinis
Retranchera du temps ceux qu'il n'a pas bénis !

LAMARTINE.

Concert fires people to a certain energy of performance they can rarely reach alone. Here is the use of Society. . . . The one event which never loses its romance is the encounter with superior persons on terms allowing the happiest

SOLITUDE.

intercourse. The capital defect of cold, arid
natures is the want of animal spirits.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Le bonheur a besoin de recueillement, et comme
la douleur, est ami de la solitude.

LÉONARD S. J. SANDEAU.

SUSPICION.

Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures ;
And of so easy and so plain a stop,
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant multitude,
Can play upon it.

SHAKESPEARE.

Suspicion this, indeed, is the great optic glass, helping us to discern plainly almost all that passes in the minds of others, without some use of which nothing is more purblind than human nature.

HENRY FIELDING.

It is better to suffer wrong than to do it, and happier to be sometimes cheated than not to trust.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Thy moother 'ed bean a-naggin' about the gell o'
the farm,
She offens 'ud spy summat wrong when there
warn't not a mossel o' harm.

LORD TENNYSON.

SYMPATHY.

. . . . Cette aumône de cœur, une larme à ses larmes.
LAMARTINE.

Sunt hic etiam sua præmia laudi ;
Sunt lacrimæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt.
VIRGIL.

Haud ignara mali miseris succurrere disco.
VIRGIL.

Patience, unmoved, no marvel though she pause,
They can be meek that have no other cause.
A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,
We bid be quiet when we hear it cry ;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain.
SHAKESPEARE.

For, brother, men
Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel ; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give perceptual medicine to rage,
Flatter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ache with air, and agony with words.
No, no ; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow ;
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,

SYMPATHY.

To be so moral, when he shall endure
The like himself.

SHAKESPEARE.

Rise, let us no more contend nor blame
Each other, blamed enough elsewhere ; but strive
In offices of love how we may lighten
Each other's burden in our share of woe.

JOHN MILTON.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see ;
That mercy I to others show
That mercy show to me.

ALEXANDER POPE.

He scorn'd his own, who felt another's woe.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Le travail est partout et la souffrance partout ;
seulement il y a des travaux stériles et des travaux
féconds, des souffrances infâmes et des souffrances
glorieuses.

ABBÉ LAMENNAIS.

With other eyes, too, could I look upon my
fellow-men with an infinite love, with an infinite
pity ; poor, wandering, wayward man. Art thou
not tired and beaten with stripes, even as I am ?
Oh, my brother, my brother, why cannot I shelter
you in my bosom and wipe away all tears from
thy eyes ? Truly the din of many-voiced life,
which, in this solitude, with the mind's organ, I
could hear, was no longer a maddening discord,
but a melting one ; like inarticulate cries and
sobblings of a dumb creature, which in the ears of
Heaven are prayers. The poor earth, with her
poor joys, was now my needy mother, not my cruel

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step-dame. Man with his so mad wants and so mean endeavours had become the dearer to me, and even for his sufferings and his sins I now first named him brother. Thus was I standing in the porch of that 'Sanctuary of Sorrow;' by strange, steep ways had I, too, been guided hither, and ere long its sacred gates would open, and the 'Divine Depth of Sorrow' lie disclosed to me.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

We all suffer for each other, and gain by each other's sufferings; for man never stands alone here, though he will stand by himself one day hereafter; but here he is a social being, and goes forward to his long home as one of a large company.

J. H. NEWMAN.

Being observed,
When observation is not sympathy,
Is just being tortured.

E. B. BROWNING.

Edith,
So lowly-lovely and so loving,
Queenly responsive when the loyal hand
Rose from the clay it work'd in as she past,
Not sowing hedgerow texts and passing by,
Nor dealing goodly counsel from a height
That makes the lowest hate it, but a voice
Of comfort and an open hand of help;
A splendid presence flattering the poor roofs
Revered as theirs, but kindlier than themselves
To ailing wife or wailing infancy,
Or old bed-ridden palsy—was adored.

LORD TENNYSON.

In the midst of friends, home, and kind parents,
she was alone. To how many people can any one

SYMPATHY.

tell all? Who will be open where there is no sympathy, or has call to speak to those who never can understand?

W. M. THACKERAY.

The most trifling act which is marked by usefulness to others is nobler in God's sight than the most brilliant accomplishment of genius.

F. W. ROBERTSON.

'Sir,' I answered, 'a wanderer's repose or a sinner's reformation should never depend on a fellow-creature. Men and women die, philosophers falter in wisdom, and Christians in goodness. If any one you know has suffered and erred, let him look higher than his equals for strength to amend, and solace to heal.'

But the instrument, the instrument! God, Who does the work, ordains the instrument.

Presentiments are strange things, and so are sympathies, and so are signs, and the three combined make one mystery to which humanity has not yet found the key.

There is no happiness like that of being loved by your fellow-creatures, and feeling that your presence is an addition to their comfort.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

Men can hardly say that the religion of Christ has failed until they have practised it a little more. Are we, I will not say, taking up the cross and following Christ, for that may be a thought beyond the present age; but are we doing much for any one but ourselves? Can we wonder that Christianity should be hollow and conventional? The evil that we complain of is within us.

B. JOWETT.

SYMPATHY.

We must lower the pitch of our feelings about ourselves until we bring them down to such a point that active men can feel with us ; and we must raise the pitch of our feelings about others until in some degree they keep time and tune with the feelings of the sufferers. This is the law of sympathy, the meeting-point of the love of self and the love of our neighbour, out of which flow all the gentler virtues. Such is the famous theory first put forward by Dr. Adam Smith in the year 1775.

Which of us, if he interrogates his own breast, is conscious that when he sorrows for another he is fearing or imagining a similar sorrow affecting himself? Which of us really sorrows for the misfortunes of another, as if they were his own? Sympathy, though one of the most universally diffused, is not one of the strongest elements of human nature ; ambition in greater minds, jealousy in lesser ones, are often more influential.

Sympathy is liable to abuse, and it may even degenerate into weakness. There may be too much craving for it, and too much readiness to impart it. Respecting the first, let us remember that we have each of us to make our own lives, and that another cannot do for us what we ought to be doing for ourselves.

Respecting human feelings generally, I think that we may lay down this law, that in proportion as they are exerted on higher objects, they may safely be allowed to grow more and more intense ; there can be no danger in our loving God too much, if we only understand His true nature, nor any possibility of abuse in devoting our lives for the good of man, if we only know the means by which that good is to be attained.

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But with our attempting to pierce into the unseen world, may we not find nearer home, quite at our doors, living images far more peaceful and touching of the kingdom of heaven? There is the sympathy of two poor and aged persons, who have nothing else to live for but each other; there is the sympathy of two friends engaged in some common work for the good of mankind. If a man would have this idea of divine or Christian sympathy concentrated in one living image, let him turn to the Epistles of St. Paul.

B. JOWETT.

It is the individual with whom we sympathise, and the general of which we recognise the irresistible power. The truth of this test will be seen by applying it to the greatest tragedies. The collision of Greek tragedy is often that between hereditary entailed Nemesis and the peculiar individual lot, awakening our sympathy for the particular man or woman whom the Nemesis is shown to grasp with terrific force.

GEORGE ELIOT.

I think the highest and best thing is rather to suffer with real suffering than to be happy in the imagination of an unreal good.

How little we thought of people's goodness towards us when we were children. It takes a good deal of experience to tell one the rarity of a thoroughly disinterested kindness.

GEORGE ELIOT.

Humanity is erroneously counted among commonplace virtues. If it deserved such a place, there would be less urgent need than, alas! there is for its daily exercise among us. In its pale

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shape of kindly sentiment and bland pity it is common enough, and is always the portion of the cultivated. But humanity armed, aggressive, and alert, never slumbering and never wearying, moving like ancient hero over the land to slay monsters, is the rarest of virtues.

JOHN MORLEY.

And if in thy life on earth,
In the chamber or by the hearth,
'Mid the crowded city's tide,
Or high on the lone hill-side ;
Thou canst cause a thought of peace,
Or an aching thought to cease,
Or a gleam of joy to burst
On a soul in sadness nurst ;
Spare not thy hand, my child ;
Though the gladdened should never know
The well-spring amid the wild,
Whence the waters of blessing flow.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

The servant of the hour—in sympathy with the day, the place, the business, the party, the circles of society in which it stands, but not in blind subserviency to it ; ready to protest, and having a recognised right to protest because of an undoubted sympathy and love, always bringing in new elements and forms of nobleness out of the fields of history, and up from the depths of its own nature—is not this the character of the man of his own age, the man of his own class, who makes the whole world and all time more rich ? The timely and yet universal man whom it may well stir the ambition of any young man to become ?

There must come a sympathy between the men

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whose work it is to lay the hard foundations of life, and the other men whose hands are bidden to carry up the loftiest pinnacles and spires into the sky.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

There is no need to dwell upon the exquisite service of Christ's years of work: their self-surrender is known. I mention only as less dwelt on, the manifold sympathy with different characters which could only arise out of His having lost His own being for the time in that of the person to whom He spoke, the intense patience with littleness, and interruption, and misunderstanding.

And what was the result—one result of this, at least? That no personality is so unique as His; no one figure in history stands out so accentuated, so distinct.

Or again, has it not been when in intense love you have merged your being in that of another, when another is the life of your life, when self is drowned in the sea of feeling? Was it not then that the meaning of Being became known to you, that you felt yourself a Person, but felt it somehow in another? Was it not then that life, even in its meanest details, became not only worthy, but exquisite, that you were somehow admitted into the secret of that correlation of things in which everything is great, that Nature spoke to you as an intimate friend, that God drew nearer, that the soul of the universe seemed to pulsate in harmony with yours, that the dread and weight of eternity were lifted off, because you were yourself dwelling in eternity? Isolation had perished, and out of its ruins rose individuality. You lost and found yourself.

STOPFORD BROOKE.

SYMPATHY.

Presque toutes montraient cette charité, cet incroyable bonheur de la guérison des autres. Elles étaient rarement jalouses, elles cédaient à une sorte d'épidémie heureuse, à l'espoir contagieux d'être guéries, le lendemain, si la sainte Vierge le voulait. Il ne fallait pas la mécontenter, se montrer trop impatiente ; car elle avait sûrement son idée, elle savait pourquoi elle commençait par celle-ci plutôt que par celle-là. Aussi les malades les plus gravement atteintes priaient-elles pour leurs voisines, dans cette fraternité de la souffrance et de l'espoir. Chaque miracle nouveau était un gage du miracle prochain. Leur foi renaissait toujours, inébranlable. On racontait l'histoire d'une fille de ferme, paralytique, qui avait marché, à la Grotte, avec une force de volonté extraordinaire ; puis, à l'hôpital, elle s'était fait redescendre, voulant retourner aux pieds de Notre-Dame de Lourdes ; mais, dès la moitié du chemin, elle avait chancelé, haletante, livide ; et, rapportée sur un brancard, elle était morte, guérie, disaient des voisines de salle. Chacune son tour, la sainte Vierge n'oubliait aucune de ses filles aimées, à moins que son dessein ne fut d'octroyer le paradis à une élue, tout de suite.

EMILE ZOLA.

Those who say that it is impossible to raise up men and women ready to sacrifice all they possess, and, if need be, to lay down their lives in any great cause that appeals to their higher nature, should spare a little time to watch the recruiting of the Salvation Army for the Indian Mission field. The delicate dressmaker and the sturdy puddler, the young people raised in the densest layer of English commonplace, under the stimulus of an appeal to the instincts of self-sacrifice and of their duty to

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their brethren, abandon home, friends, kindred, and go forth to walk bare-foot through India at a beggar's pittance until they can pick up sufficient words of the unfamiliar tongue to deliver to these dusky strangers the message of their Gospel. Certain disease awaits them, cruel privations, and probably an early death. But they shrink not.

A new Catholicity has dawned upon the world. All religions are now recognised as essentially divine. They represent the different angles at which man looks at God. All have something to teach us—how to make the common man more like God. The true religion is that which makes men most like Christ. And what is the ideal which Christ translated into a realised life? For practical purposes this: To take trouble to do good to others. A simple formula, but the rudimentary and essential truth of the whole Christian religion. To take trouble is to sacrifice time. All time is a portion of life. . . .

Each day's duties at home or at work, every friend whom you love, every acquaintance which you form, every occasion where a duty confronts you, and every opportunity where you can manifest love by word or deed or look—there and then you can be a Christ. If you are selfish and unloving, then instead of being God's Messiah to your fellow-men, you are shutting out God from a portion of His own world.

Whenever you give up yourself—your time, which is a part of your life: your thought, which is a part of your mind: your love, which is a part of your soul—to serve others, you are, so far as that sacrifice goes, manifesting God's Love to man. For God is love, and His service is sacrifice of self in helping others.

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His commandment is exceeding broad, it applies especially to a great field of human service, with which many imagine religion has nothing to do. A religion which has nothing to do with any human effort is not religion. For religion is the life of man going out of himself to unite itself to the life of other men so that they may all be one in Love, which is God.

W. T. STEAD.

How strange that you—and I—and he—should have been so mixed together in this queer life. Now I seem to regret nothing—I hope everything. One more little testimony let me bear! the last. We disappear one by one—into the dark—but each may throw his comrades a token before he goes. You have been in much trouble of mind and spirit—I have seen it. Take my poor witness. There is one clue, one only—goodness—the surrendered will. Everything is there—all faith—all religion—all hope for rich or poor. Whether we feel our way through consciously to the Will that asks our will, matters little.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

What had worked in her? What was at the root of this vehemence of moral reaction, this haunting fear of losing for ever the best in life—self-respect, the comradeship of the good, communion with things noble and unsustained—which had conquered at last the mere *woman*, the weakness of vanity and of sex? She hardly knew. Only there was in her a sort of vague thankfulness *for her daily work*. It did not seem to be possible to see one's own life solely under the aspects of selfish desire while hands and mind were busy with the piteous realities of sickness and of death. From every act of service—from every contact

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with the patience and simplicity of the poor—*something* had spoken to her, that divine ineffable something for ever ‘set in the world,’ like beauty, like charm, for the winning of men to itself. ‘Follow truth!’ it said to her in faint mysterious breathings—‘the truth of your own heart. The sorrow to which it will lead you is the only *joy* that remains to you.’

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD,

Christianity begins with the poor and division of goods—it becomes the great bulwark of property and the feudal state. The Crusaders—they set out to recover the tomb of the Lord!—what they did was to increase trade and knowledge. And so with Socialism. It talks of a new order—what it *will* do is to help to make the old sound!

And character—soul—can only be got by self-surrender; and self-surrender comes not of knowledge but of love.

A number of thoughts and phrases, hitherto of little meaning to her, floated into her mind—sank and pressed there. That strange word ‘grace’ for instance!

A year ago it would not have smitten or troubled her.

But nobody could live in hospital—nobody could go among the poor—nobody could share the thoughts and hopes of people like Edward Hallin and his sister, without understanding that it is still here in the world—this ‘grace’ that ‘sustaineth’—however variously interpreted still living and working, as it worked of old, among the little Galilean towns, in Jerusalem, in Corinth. To Edward Hallin it did not mean the same, perhaps, as it meant to the hard-working clergymen she knew or to Mrs. Jervis. But to all it meant the motive power of life—something subduing, trans-

SYMPATHY.

forming, delivering—something that to-night she
envied with a passion and yearning that amazed
herself.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

Question not, but live and labour
Till yon goal be won,
Helping every feeble neighbour,
Seeking help from none ;
Life is mostly froth and bubble,
Two things stand like stone—
KINDNESS in another's trouble,
COURAGE in your own.

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON.

Weel, a' we can dae noo, Weelum, gin we
haena mickle brichtness in oor ain hames, is tae
keep the licht frae gaein' oot in anither hoose.

IAN MACLAREN.

THRIFT.

This is flat poverty,
For he that needs five thousand pounds to live
Is full as poor as he that needs but five.

The way to make thy son rich is to fill
His mind with rest, before his trunk with riches.

* * * * *

Be thrifty, but not covetous ; therefore give
Thy need, thine honour, and thy friend his due.
Never was scraper brave man. Get to live ;
Then live, and use it : else, it is not true
That thou hast gotten. Surely use alone
Makes money not a contemptible stone.

GEORGE HERBERT.

TOADYISM.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear ;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with
gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks :
Arm it with rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.
SHAKESPEARE.

Great men may jest with saints : 'tis wit in them ;
But in the less, foul profanation.
That in the captain's but a cholerick word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.
SHAKESPEARE.

Every great man, of whatever kind be his greatness, has among his friends those who officiously or insidiously quicken his attention to offences, heighten his disgust, and stimulate his resentment.
SAMUEL JOHNSON.

TRUTH.

Truth has been rightly named the daughter of
Time. BACON.

Nor number nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,
Though single. JOHN MILTON.

Truth the soft robe of mild persuasion wears :
Thou to assenting reason giv'st again
Her own enlighten'd thoughts ; call'd from the
heart,
The obedient passions on thy voice attend ;
And even reluctant party feels a while
Thy gracious power—as through the varied maze
Of eloquence, now smooth, now quick, now strong,
Profound and clear, you roll the copious flood.
THOMSON.

La réalité seule est féconde : il ne s'agit que
de savoir la comprendre et l'aimer.
LÉONARD S. SANDEAU.

Many loved Truth, and lavished life's best oil
Amid the dust of books to find her.
Those love her best who to themselves are true,
And what they dare to dream of dare to do.
They followed her and found her
Where all may hope to find,
Not in the ashes of the burnt-out mind,
But beautiful, with danger's sweetness round her ;

TRUTH.

Where faith made whole with deed
Breathes its awakening breath
Into lifeless creed,
They saw her plumed and mailed,
With sweet stern face unveiled,
And all-repaying eyes, look proud on them in
death. J. R. LOWELL.

The truth is so hard to be certain of you
know goodness as soon as you see it.
W. D. HOWELLS.

VANITY.

If a man be exalted by reason of any *excellence* in his soul, he may please to remember that all souls are equal and their differing operations are because their instrument is in better tune, their body is more healthful or better tempered ; which is no more praise to him than it is that he was born in Italy.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

Non, après ce que nous venons de voir, la santé n'est qu'un nom, la vie n'est qu'un songe, la gloire n'est qu'une apparence, les grâces et les plaisirs ne sont qu'un dangereux amusement ; tout est vain en nous, excepté le sincère aveu que nous faisons devant Dieu de nos vanités, et le jugement arrête qui nous fait mépriser tout ce que nous sommes.

La modération que le monde affecte n'étouffe pas les mouvements de la vanité ; elle ne sert qu'à les cacher ; et plus elle ménage le dehors, plus elle livre le cœur aux sentiments les plus délicats et les plus dangereux de la fausse gloire.

BOSSUET.

Neither man nor woman can be worth anything until they have discovered that they are fools. This is the first step towards becoming either estimable or agreeable, and until it be taken there is no hope. The sooner the discovery is made the better, as there is more time and power for taking advantage of it. Sometimes the great truth is found out too late to apply it to any effectual

VANITY.

remedy. Sometimes it is never found out at all ; and these form the desperate and inveterate causes of folly, self-conceit, and impertinence.

LORD MELBOURNE.

Il y a une vanité plus intraitable que celle d'un gentillâtre : c'est la vanité d'un gentillâtre républicain.

LEONARD S. J. SANDEAU.

Self-knowledge—the great test of the difference between the vanity that is harmless, and the vanity that is fatuous and destructive.

JOHN MORLEY.

WAR.

Le soldat en marche est tout aussi limité dans ses moyens d'action, aussi entraîné par son régiment, que le marin sur son navire. Pour l'un, ce sera toujours le même pont, le même mât, le même câble ; pour l'autre, malgré les énormes distances inconnues et pleines de dangers qu'il lui arrive de franchir, il a également autour de lui les mêmes camarades, le même sergent-major, le chien fidèle de la compagnie et le même chef. Le matelot est rarement curieux de se rendre compte des vastes étendues sur lesquelles navigue son navire ; mais, le jour de la bataille, on ne sait comment, on ne sait pourquoi, une seule note solennelle, la même pour tous, fait vibrer les cordes du loi moral du soldat par l'approche de cet inconnu inévitable et décisif, qui éveille en lui une inquiétude inusitée. Ce jour-la, il est excité, il regarde, il écoute, il questionne et cherche à comprendre ce qui se passe en dehors du cercle de ses intérêts habituels.

TOLSTOI.

War is the surest passport to immortality.

PEARSON.

There is but one unquestioned and unquestionable superiority in great things, that of a victorious army. And that brings other superiorities with it. Nothing could be more encouraging to the spirit of conquest than the exalted moral eminence which the Germans attained in Europe after Sedan, and

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the moral degradation of the French when they had been compelled to pay two hundred millions sterling.

There is but one kind of greatness that need give England a thought or a care in reference to foreign countries, and that is her power of offence and defence by sea and land. The only unanswerable superiority is superiority in arms. Commercial and colonial greatness is but the filling of the sponge ; a victorious enemy would squeeze it.

P. G. HAMERTON.

WOMANLINESS.

Gaius also proceeded, and said: I will now speak on behalf of women, to take away their reproach. For as death and the curse came into the world by a woman, so also did life and health: 'God sent forth His Son made of a woman.' Yes, to show how much those that came after did abhor the act of the mother, this sex in the Old Testament coveted children, if happily this or that woman might be the mother of the Saviour of the world. I will say again that when the Saviour was come, women rejoiced in Him before either man or angel. I read not that man did give unto Christ so much as one groat; but the women 'followed Him, and ministered to Him of their substance.' It was a woman that washed His feet with tears, and a woman that anointed His body to the burial. They were women who wept when He was going to the cross, and women that followed Him from the cross, and that sat over against His sepulchre when He was buried. They were women that were first with Him at His resurrection morn, and women that brought tidings first to His disciples that He was risen from the dead. Women then are highly favoured, and show by these things that they are sharers with us in the grace of life.

JOHN BUNYAN.

WOMANLINESS.

But if the rougher sex by this fierce sport
Is hurried wild, let not such horrid joy
E'er stain the bosom of the British fair.
Far be the spirit of the chase from them!
Uncomely courage, unbeseeming skill,
To spring the fence, to rein the prancing steed—
The cap, the whip, the masculine attire,
In which they roughen to the sense, and all
The winning softness of their sex is lost.

* * * * *

. . . . May their tender limbs
Float in the loose simplicity of dress!
And, fashion'd all to harmony, alone
Know they to seize the captivated soul,
In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips;
To teach the lute to languish; with smooth step,
Disclosing motion in its every charm,
To swim along, and swell the mazy dance;
To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn;
To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page;
To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,
And heighten Nature's dainties; in their race
To rear their graces into second life;
To give society its highest taste;
Well-order'd home, man's best delight to make;
And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
With every gentle care-eluding art,
To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
Even charm the pains to something more than joy,
And sweeten all the toils of human life:
This be the female dignity and praise.

THOMSON.

Nature has given women so much power that
the law has very wisely given them little.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

WOMANLINESS.

As men are most capable of distinguishing merit in women, so the ladies often form the truest judgments of us. The two sexes seem placed as spies upon each other, and are furnished with different abilities, adapted for mutual inspection.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

It is your sex that make us go forth, and seem to tell us 'None but the brave deserve the fair.' . . . It is your sex that rewards us : it is your sex who cherish our memories.' LORD NELSON.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A Spirit, yet a Woman too !

* * * *

A creature not too bright and good
For human nature's daily food :
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.
WORDSWORTH.

The reception one meets with from the women of a family generally determines the tenour of one's whole entertainment. DE QUINCEY.

The most beautiful object in the world, it will be allowed, is a beautiful woman. But who that can analyse his feelings is not sensible that she owes her fascination less to grace of outline and delicacy of colour than to a thousand associations which, often unperceived by ourselves, connect those qualities with the source of our existence, with the nourishment of our infancy, with the passions of our youth, with the hopes of our age, with elegance, with vivacity, with tenderness, with the strongest of natural instincts, with the dearest of social ties. LORD MACAULAY.

WOMANLINESS.

Especially do I want people to recognise that the women of our western hemisphere represent the highest type of women, greatly owing to the respect and honour paid to them by men, but that the moment the honour and respect are diminished, the high type of women will vanish.

LORD TENNYSON.

A good woman is a wondrous creature, cleaving to the right and the good in all change ; lovely in her youthful comeliness, lovely all her life long in comeliness of heart.

LORD TENNYSON.

Quelques femmes—elles sont rares—ont reçu du ciel le don d'ennoblir et de féconder tout ceux qui les approche : la douleur même qui nous vient d'elles est bénie. D'autres au contraire, plus nombreuses, ont la funeste propriété de ces eaux qui pétrifient en peu de temps tous les objets déposés dans leur sein.

LÉONARD S. J. SANDEAU.

Ce n'était plus enfant silencieuse et craintive, façonnée au joug et repliée sur elle-même ; mais une belle et noble créature, libre en ses mouvements, charmant en ses discours, respectueuse sans humilité.

LÉONARD S. J. SANDEAU.

It is in vain to say human beings ought to be satisfied with tranquillity ; they must have action, and they will make it if they cannot find it. Millions are condemned to a stiller doom than mine, and millions are in silent revolt against their lot. Nobody knows how many rebellions besides political rebellions ferment in the masses of life which people the earth. Women are sup-

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posed to be very calm generally : but women feel just as men feel ; they need exercise for their faculties, and a field for their efforts as much as their brothers do ; they suffer from too rigid a restraint, too absolute a stagnation, precisely as men would suffer ; and it is narrow-minded in their more privileged fellow-creatures to say that they ought to confine themselves to making puddings and knitting stockings, to playing on the piano and embroidering bags. It is thoughtless to condemn them or laugh at them, if they seek to do more or learn more than custom has pronounced necessary for their sex.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

Deux fois sur trois, quand on cause ici avec une femme, on se sent reposé, touché, presque heureux ; leur accueil est bien veillant, amical ; et quel sourire de bonté douce et calme ! Aucune arrière-pensée ; l'intention, l'expression, tout est ouvert, naturel, cordial. On est à l'aise bien plus qu'auprès d'une Française : on n'a pas la crainte vague d'être jugé, raillé : on ne se sent pas en présence d'un esprit affilé, perçant, tranchant, qui d'un trait va vous couper en quatre, ni d'une imagination vive, exigeante, ennuyée, qui réclame des anecdotes, du piquant, du brillant, de l'amusement, de la flatterie, toutes sortes de friandises, et vous plante la si vous n'avez pas de bonbons à lui offrir. La conversation n'est ni un duel, ni un concours, on peut présenter sa pensée telle qu'elle est sans l'enjoliver : on a le droit d'être ce qu'on est, ordinaire. On peut même, sans l'ennuyer, ni avoir l'air pédant, lui parler de choses graves, obtenir d'elle des renseignements positifs, raisonner avec elle comme avec un homme.

H. A. TAINE.

WOMANLINESS.

Le cerveau brûlé par le raisonnement a soif de simplicité, comme le désert a soif d'eau pure. Quand la réflexion nous a mené au dernier terme du doute, ce qu'il y a d'affirmation spontanée du bien et du beau dans la conscience féminine nous enchante et tranche pour nous la question. Voilà pourquoi la religion n'est plus maintenue dans le monde que par la femme.

La femme nous remet en communication avec l'éternelle source où Dieu se mire. La candeur d'une enfant qui ignore sa beauté et qui voit Dieu clair comme le jour est la grande révélation de l'idéal, de même que l'inconsciente coquetterie de la fleur est la preuve que la nature se pare en vue d'un époux.

On ne doit jamais écrire que de ce qu'on aime. L'oubli et le silence sont la punition qu'on inflige à ce qu'on a trouvé laid ou commun, dans la promenade à travers la vie. ERNEST RENAN.

The coolness of her sex in the intimate emergencies which confound a man.

W. D. HOWELLS.

WORK.

If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work :
But when they seldom come they wished-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.

SHAKESPEARE.

Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of Heaven on all his ways ;
While other animals enactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.

JOHN MILTON.

Nur rastlos bethatigt sich des Mann.
'Tis restless energy makes the man.

GOETHE.

Be no longer a Chaos, but a World, or even a
Worldkin. Produce, produce, were it but the
pitifullest infinitesimal fraction of a Product, pro-
duce it, in God's name. 'Tis the utmost thou hast
in thee ; out with them. Up, up ! 'Whatso-
ever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy whole
might.' Work while it is called to-day, 'for the
Night cometh when no man can work.'

THOMAS CARLYLE.

One cause of the heart's devising evil is, that
time is given it to do so. The man who has his
daily duties, who lays out his time for them hour
by hour, is saved a multitude of sins.

WORK,

Leisure is the occasion of all evil. If we do not find employment to engage our minds with, Satan will be sure to find his own employment for them.

I fear a great number of persons who aim at retiring from the world, do so under the notion of their then enjoying themselves. Others there are who are aware that they do not give so much time to religion as they ought ; so they look to their last years as a time of retirement, in which they may *both* enjoy themselves *and* prepare for Heaven.

J. H. NEWMAN.

Thus he will take his worldly business as a gift from Him, and will love it as such.

J. H. NEWMAN.

Get work, get work :

Be sure 'tis better than what you work to get.

E. B. BROWNING.

Overlive it—lower yet—be happy ! wherefore should I care ?

I myself must mix with action, lest I wither by despair.

Men my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new :

That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do.

LORD TENNYSON.

Travailler ! le mot ne coute rien : mais lorsque on a pris racine dans la corruption et dans l'oisiveté, ce n'est pas chose si facile de se transplanter, et de s'acclimater dans les regions de l'ordre et du travail.

LÉONARD S. J. SANDEAU.

The Master said that from a selfish point of view, a man should never give up work, and should

WORK.

if possible die in harness. His health and happiness depended upon it. I said I wanted more time for thought, but perhaps a life spent incessantly in practical work was more desirable than contemplation. He replied: 'What a fate to a man to retire for contemplation and then find he had nothing to think about!' After a moment's pause he said, in his quiet shy way, 'But perhaps he would never find it out.'

BENJAMIN JOWETT.

There is a sort of moral climate in a household, an impalpable, unseizable, indefinable set of influences, which predispose the inmates to industry and self-control, or else relax fibre and slacken purpose. At Cirey Voltaire seems to have usually passed the whole day at his desk, or in making physical experiments in his chamber. The only occasion on which people met was at the supper at nine in the evening. JOHN MORLEY.

WORLDLINESS.

And what was her present behaviour more than that of a fine lady, who considers form and show as essential ingredients of human happiness ; and imagines all friendship to consist in ceremony, courtesies, messages, and visits ? In which opinion she has the honour to think with much the larger part of one sex, and no small number of the other.

HENRY FIELDING.

There are two considerations, which have greatly supported me under all my afflictions. The one is the brevity of life, even at its longest duration. The second consideration is the uncertainty of it. The next day, the next hour, the next moment, may be the end of our course. This consideration, indeed, however lightly it is passed over in our conception, does, in a great measure, level all fortunes and conditions ; and gives no man a right to triumph in the happiest state, or any reason to repine in the most miserable. Would the most worldly men see this in the light in which they examine all other matters would they give any price for an estate from which they were liable to be immediately ejected ? or would not they laugh at him as a madman, who accounted himself rich from such an uncertain possession ?

HENRY FIELDING.

WORLDLINESS.

One may be so much a man of the world as to be nothing in the world. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

I do not know anything more dreadful than a state of mind which is, perhaps, the characteristic of this country, and which the prosperity of this country so miserably fosters. I mean that ambitious spirit, that low ambition to succeed and to rise in life, to amass money, to gain power, to depress his rivals, to triumph over his hitherto superiors, to affect a consequence and a gentility which he had not before, to affect to have an opinion on high subjects, to pretend to form a judgment upon sacred things, to choose his religion, to approve and condemn to his taste, to become a partisan in extensive measures for the supposed temporal benefit of the community, to indulge the vision of great things which are to come—great improvements, great wonders, all things vast, all things new: this most fearfully earthy and grovelling spirit is likely, alas! to extend itself more and more among our countrymen—an intense, sleepless, restless, never-weary, never-satisfied pursuit of Mammon in one shape or other, to the exclusion of all deep, all holy, all calm, all reverent thoughts. J. H. NEWMAN.

But *que voulez-vous?*—in this vast town one has not the time to go and seek one's friends; if they drop out of the rank they disappear, and we march on without them. Who is ever missed in Vanity Fair? W. M. THACKERAY.

Already to be looking sadly and vaguely back; always to be pining for something which, when obtained, brought doubt and sadness rather than pleasure; here was the lot of our poor little

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creature, an harmless lost one wandering in the great struggling crowds of Vanity Fair.

W. M. THACKERAY.

It is a hard thing to be in the world and not of it ; to be outwardly much like other people, and yet to be cherishing an ideal which extends over the whole of life and beyond ; to have a natural love for every one, especially for the poor, and to get rid, not of wit and good humour, but of frivolity or excitement—to live selfless according to the will of God, and not after the fashion and opinion of men and women.

B. JOWETT.

Je n'abandonnai nullement mon goût pour l'idéal ; je l'ai plus vif que jamais, je l'aurai toujours. Le moindre acte de vertu, le moindre grain de talent, me paraissent infiniment supérieurs à toutes les richesses, à tous les succès du monde. Mais, comme j'avais l'esprit juste, je vis en même temps que l'idéal et la réalité n'ont rien à faire ensemble ; que le monde, jusqu'à nouvel ordre, est voué sans appel à la platitude, à la médiocrité ; que la cause qui plaît aux âmes bien nées bien est sûre d'être vaincue ; que ce qui est vrai en littérature, en poésie, aux yeux des gens raffinés, est toujours faux dans le monde grossier des faits accomplis. Les événements qui suivirent la révolution de 1848 me fortifièrent dans cette idée. Il se trouva que les plus beaux rêves, transportés dans le domaine des faits, avaient été funestes, et que les choses humaines ne commencèrent à mieux aller que quand les idéologues cessèrent de s'en occuper. Je m'habituai dès-lors à suivre une règle singulière, c'est de prendre pour mes jugements pratiques le contrepied exact de mes jugements théoriques, de ne regarder comme possible que ce qui contredisait

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mes aspirations. En fait, je n'ai d'amour que pour les caractères d'un idéalisme absolu, martyrs, héros, utopistes, amis de l'impossible. De ceux-là seuls je m'occupe ; ils sont, si j'ose le dire, ma spécialité.

ERNEST RENAN.

What do we see every year, as the London season draws near, but a bevy of mothers, like generals setting out on a campaign, prepared to undergo any amount of fatigue if only they can marry their daughters—not necessarily to a high-souled, virtuous man—but in any case to a fortune? What do we see but a group of young men thinking, after perhaps a career of dissipation, that the time has arrived for settling respectably in life, looking out, each of them, not for a girl who has the graces and character which will make her husband and her children happy, but for one who has a sufficient dowry to enable him to keep up a large establishment? Who can wonder, when the most sacred of all human relations, the union of two hearts for time and eternity, is thus prostituted to the brute level of an affair of cash, that such transactions are quickly followed by months or years of misery—misery which, after seething in private, is at last paraded before the eyes of the world, and amid the unspeakable shame and degradation of the Divorce Court? Ah! we think that the dangers to existing social life are to be found only elsewhere—in the changing physical conditions of man's existence, in the new relations between labour and capital, in organized strikes and disorderly mobs, which threaten, more or less remotely, serious revolution. I do not make light of all this, but let us depend on it, our worst dangers are nearer home.

H. P. LIDDON.

WORLDLINESS.

The gospel of 'getting on' there is an essential truth in it, but to square the whole of this mysterious complex life to it—to drop into the grave at last, having missed, because of it, all that sheds dignity and poetry on the human lot, all that makes it worth while or sane to hope in a destiny for man diviner and more lasting than appears—horrible!

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

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